

THE ECLECTIC REVIEW,

FOR NOVEMBER, 1832.

Art. I. *The Life and Pontificate of Gregory the Seventh.* By Sir Roger Greisley, Bart. F.A.S. 8vo. pp. xvi. 372. Price 12s. London, 1832.

TO Gregory the Seventh, 'the Apostolic Lord Hildebrand', is ascribed the first conception of the ambitious design of reciprocally converting a mere fief of the empire into a universal sovereignty, and the western empire itself into a fief of the Church. This ambitious monk, Gibbon remarks, in his oracular way, 'may be adored or detested as the founder of the Papal monarchy'; and Sir Roger Greisley has been induced to select the life and pontificate of Gregory VII. as the subject of biographical illustration, by regarding it as the true era of the papal usurpation.

'A simple monk, emerging from his cloister, and assuming the direction of the public affairs of the Roman Catholic Church, surmounted every obstacle, and opened a way to his successors, by which they might place themselves in the sphere of angels and of gods. It was Gregory who taught the Leos, and Sixtuses, and Piuses, how to govern people without the force of arms; a lesson hitherto neither forgotten nor abandoned. A sound but subtle policy, inflexible constancy, unshaken courage, placed the popes upon that throne from which they have never, but for a feverish moment, been deposed. Since their restoration, the blind and idle credulity of the people, which served them as a footstool, has increased; (?) and had the French nation yielded to that yoke which the Jesuits would have imposed upon it, the days of excommunication and dethronements would have been revived.'

p. xiv.

In this view of Hildebrand's aim and achievements, it seems to us, that not a little romance has blended itself with genuine history. M. Sismondi, in his recent sketch of the History of the Italian Republics, has drawn a fancy portrait of this Pontiff in the same dramatic costume; representing him as having con-

ceived in his solitude at Clugni, 'the plan of revolution by which he proposed to himself the subjugation of the world to the sacerdotal power. In the universe he saw but God, the priest his sole minister, and mankind obedient. He designed that the whole priesthood should be moved by one single will, should know only one passion,—that of establishing the power of Heaven. Hildebrand accomplished, at least for a time, the immense revolution which he had undertaken: he changed the spirit of the popedom, of the clergy, and the people; and he enslaved kings.'—This is the very poetry of biography, and soars far above the sobriety of narrative. Too much is referred to the individual, too little to the circumstances upon which he was thrown, and the chain of causes in which he was but a link; and religion, which was but the accident, is made to appear as the mainspring of conduct, dictated by an ambition purely secular.

The long contest between the emperors and the popes was, in great measure, a national quarrel. Occasionally it assumed the form of a personal struggle for empire, as between Hildebrand and Henry; but its original and permanent character was that of a war between nations,—Germany and Lombardy against Italy and Rome. In seeking to free spiritual offices from lay influence, the Popes were, in other words, striving to emancipate domestic institutions from foreign influence,—the Italian Church from German supremacy; and not only so, but, whether designedly or not, they were maintaining the cause of municipal freedom against the Gothic feudalism.

'The pope and the clergy', Sir Roger Greisley remarks, 'being considered as the source and support of the Roman institutions, acquired thereby a great ascendancy in those cities where popular governments prevailed; and when the emperor became opposed to the pope, he was *of course* supported by the Lombard counts and marquesses. Such, in my opinion, were the causes which prolonged the struggle between the empire and the papacy, and which have been hitherto but superficially considered.' p. xiii.

This statement is quite correct; and we only regret that our Author has not made more use of that which he acknowledges to be the true key to the history of this period. Strangely will it sound to Protestant ears, to hear the Papal theocracy spoken of as the ally of civil liberty. No two characters may seem more incompatible, than the Pope and the Patriot. And yet, how often has the champion of public liberty proved to be the domestic oppressor! It is, however, undeniable, that the Romish Church, with all its corruptions and iniquities, was, at one time, the only power that could counterbalance the despotism of the sword; the only check upon the tyranny of kings and nobles; the only bul-

wark against the tide of barbarism that was constantly flowing in from the north. 'The cause of the Church was, under such circumstances, the cause of the people. Coleridge has justly remarked, that 'under the fostering wings of the Church, the class 'of free citizens and burghers were reared; and that to the feudal 'system we owe the forms, to the Church the *substance* of our 'liberty.'* The feudal barons of King John, to whom we are indebted for Magna Charta, were as great tyrants in their petty spheres, as the prelates and pontiffs who extorted concessions equally favourable to municipal rights from barbarian kings and emperors; and if to the former we owe the limitation of monarchical prerogative, to the latter we are not less indebted for the mitigation of the feudal yoke. In those dark times, as the present Writer acknowledges,

'The supreme secular authority was certainly, in some manner, so tempered by the ecclesiastical as to interfere between the oppressor and his victim; and religion became the refuge of the disconsolate and afflicted, who groaned under the insupportable yoke of tyrants: and if Gregory had been contented with endeavouring to extend the blessings of spiritual Christianity to the world, his memory would have been blessed by countless generations, and his immoderate ambition would in great part have been forgiven.' p. 240.

The historian of those times, (and the remark will almost apply to the reader of its history,) ought to be neither a Papist nor a Protestant, or (rare attainment!) an enlightened believer superior to the prejudices of either party. Gibbon possessed the *inferior* qualification of neutral belief; and it has rendered his work, upon the whole, the most impartial account of the dark ages, perhaps, that exists. In identifying Christianity with its corruptions, he fell into a common error; but, hating priestcraft, he was not solicitous to vindicate the honour of religion by palliating the enormities committed in its name; nor was he influenced by that Protestant zeal which has led many pious persons to resolve all forms of tyranny, civil and ecclesiastical, into one, and to call the hieroglyphic Popery. The fact is, that the idolatrous Church had bowed down at the altars of the Romish superstition, ages before the yoke of the papal power was fastened upon her neck. Popery is an enormous spiritual crime: it has been too exclusively regarded as a political tyrant or—bugbear. We are taught to shudder less at its corruptions than at its cruelties, and to rest our Protestant faith upon the book of martyrs. Nay, our feelings are led to take part with tyrants and barbarians, when we read of their being made to succumb to the power of the Church; and the Teutonic Emperor doing penance barefoot for

* Constitution of Church and State, p. 74.

three days in the open court of a castle, in the depth of winter, before he was admitted into the presence of the haughty pontiff, obtains honourable mention in the records of the martyrologist ! Yet, Henry rendered himself deserving of contempt, rather than of pity, by thus exposing himself to the insults of an ungenerous enemy ; and in the end, that proud Monk was shorn of his power, and died in exile. It is a notable mistake that identifies or confounds the Romish superstition with the secular power of the Papacy, which was but as it were the accident of Popery, and, in comparison of its spiritual usurpation, harmless. True it is, that ' the Catholic religion, as it exists in Italy, is nothing more than ' the triumph of fraud over ignorance and blindness ' ; and that ignorance and blindness, the Romish Church has been guilty of fostering in order to perpetuate its triumph. But it was originally a fraud practised, not upon mere passive ignorance, but upon savage ignorance and Gothic barbarism ; it was a spell of thralldom cast upon unbridled power, a fraud upon a maniac, a chain upon a beast of the forest ; the only expedient left for the safety of society, after the religion of Christ had with its purity lost its pristine energy, and the sword of the Spirit had fallen from the hands of the Church.

In fixing upon the pontificate of Gregory VII. as the era of the papal power, we must recollect that a thousand years had rolled away from the birth of Christianity, when Hildebrand first conceived the bold project ascribed to him, of establishing a sacerdotal monarchy. What then was the previous state of the civilized world, and what causes had brought it into a condition which made that monstrous evil, sacerdotal power, a temporary and partial good, as the antagonist of greater evils ? The power of the Popes could not be the cause of a state of things that preceded its own existence, and out of which it sprang. If we trace back its origin to the grant of the Carlovingian princes, or even to the edict of Justinian, we have still to push back the inquiry into antecedent history, in order to judge of the real character of those transactions ; and we have only gained an earlier date, without arriving at any thing that can be called a cause of the papal usurpation. We can trace, with tolerable distinctness, the stages of declension in the history of the great Christian apostacy, and can assign the causes of the corruption of Christianity ; but the temporal monarchy of the Popes, is little more than an historic phantom, which scarcely appears on the contracted stage of Western empire, than it vanishes again with equal suddenness. The date of its rise and its true origin rank among the most debateable and warmly contested points of history. The Romanists are solicitous to antedate it, in order to magnify the prescriptive claims and honours of their Church ; and the Protestants have credulously adopted their representations, because they seemed

to tally with their own schemes of interpreting prophecy. But historic fact will not bear out the hypotheses of either. Up to the eleventh century, the papal supremacy was purely ecclesiastical, as well as confined within very narrow boundaries; and the Romish bishop was, at most, only the lord mayor of the city of Rome, which had sunk into the capital of a duchy of the Byzantine empire. Hildebrand, who seemed to have succeeded, at one time, in establishing the sovereignty of Rome, and in converting the German kingdom into a fief of the Church, lived to see his excommunications despised and his throne subverted. His successors, availing themselves of the weakness and embarrassments of the Saxon emperors of Germany, prosecuted the schemes of sacerdotal ambition; and towards the close of the twelfth century, the execrable Innocent III. raised the papal power to a height scarcely dreamed of by his predecessors. But in the following century, the Popes again appear as exiles and fugitives, driven from the throne by their Roman subjects, the victims of imperial persecution or popular insurrection, their authority disputed, their persons often endangered. For more than seventy years, Avignon offered an asylum to the expatriated heads of the Western Church. Thus, the ideal monarchy projected by Gregory VII. in the eleventh century, and, after a period of conflict and vicissitude, in some measure realized by Innocent III. in the twelfth, had ceased to exist in the fourteenth; and it was not till after a long interval, that Martin V., early in the fifteenth, again gave to Rome a pontifical sovereign. But already their spiritual power was beginning to decline, by the time they had made themselves absolute masters of the city of Rome; and the dream of universal empire melted away, as successive pontiffs turned their ambition to building mountains of marble and amassing the treasures of art. By degrees, the papal power has dwindled down to a small Italian lordship, comprising little more than two millions and a half of subjects, with a revenue of £1,200,000, and an army of 6000. And yet, we still talk of the throne of the popes! And Sir Roger Greisley has written his life of Pope Hildebrand, in 'the hope that it may confirm the British public in that Protestant belief which our enlightened fathers established to the happiness and glory of this kingdom'!

Although unable to perceive the direct tendency and adaptation of the volume to subserve this excellent purpose, we readily admit that the portion of history which it illustrates, is replete with important instruction; and we shall attempt a brief outline of the leading events.

Hildebrand, the son of a citizen of Orvieto, was born in the city of Soana about the year 1020. Being destined, contrary to his own inclination, for the Church, he was sent, when still young,

to the monastery of Saint Mark on Mount Aventine, of which his uncle is stated to have been abbot. At the age of sixteen, he was removed from Rome to the then celebrated monastery of Clugni, over which St. Odilo presided; where he passed seven years in the study of moral philosophy and the canon law, and established a high reputation for severe morals and great ecclesiastical learning. He was only 24 years of age, when Saint Odilo sent him to Rome, to reform the monks of St. Paul (without the walls). There he formed a close intimacy with Gratian, Arch-priest of St. John (*ante Portam Latinam*), who afterwards *bought* the popedom, and reigned for a short time under the title of Gregory VI. Of this 'intrusive and simoniacal Pope,' Hildebrand became the secretary and attached partizan; and upon the deposition of his patron by the Emperor (Henry II.), he accompanied him into exile. Of the monastery of Clugni, their chosen asylum, Hildebrand subsequently obtained the priorship; and the deposed Pope died shortly afterwards in this retreat, leaving Hildebrand 'the heir to his resentment and his wealth.' Clement II., who was raised to the papal chair by the Emperor in the place of Gregory VI., was carried off by poison in the following year. Damasus II., his successor, shared the same fate. And the death of each is attributed to an ex-pope of the Tusculan family, Benedict IX., the predecessor of Gratian, and who had been driven from the throne by the indignant Romans on account of his unbridled licentiousness and cruelty. Such were the supreme Pastors of the Latin Church in the eleventh century!

Of this same Benedict, Hildebrand was the friend and colleague; and we find him at a subsequent period entering into secret correspondence with the holy Poisoner, for the purpose of getting rid of a third Pope, Leo IX., by instigating him to undertake a military expedition against the Normans in the South of Italy, with whom they in the mean time entered into a secret treaty. The poor old Pontiff, deserted by his own troops, was beaten in the first encounter, and taken prisoner. His Roman subjects appear to have taken no steps to procure his liberty; and Hildebrand, who had been raised to the dignity of Cardinal by the man he had thus betrayed, is represented as affecting to disapprove of his warlike proceedings. The Normans,, however, having made terms with their prisoner, escorted him back to Rome, where he died 'overwhelmed with sorrow and affliction,'—if, indeed, he escaped the fate of his predecessors. Benedict now for the third or fourth time reascended the pontifical throne from which he had been driven; but Hildebrand, whether disgusted with his vindictive and reckless proceedings, or deeming it impolitic to identify himself with a man obnoxious alike to the Emperor and to the Roman people, repaired to Germany, to

intrigue for the nomination of a new pontiff. He there succeeded in insinuating himself into the confidence of the Emperor, and returned to Rome with an imperial *congé d'élire*, conducting the prelate he had himself recommended, Gebeardus, Bishop of Aichstet, who, being canonically elected, was consecrated pope by the name of Victor II. in April 1055. In thus lending his influence to raise a German prelate to the Roman see, Hildebrand was acting in flagrant contradiction of his former principles of policy, but doubtless without any deviation from his ultimate purpose. His object was, in the first instance, to conciliate the Emperor, and to lay asleep his suspicions till his own plans were ripe.

Benedict IX. is reported to have died most opportunely at the same time that Gebeardus reached Rome. It was not long before the good German found it convenient to send Cardinal Hildebrand on a transalpine mission. During his absence, while Victor was residing at Florence, where he had been holding a council, an awkward circumstance occurred. The Pope, while celebrating mass, was by some means apprised that the holy chalice was poisoned; and the culprit, a sub-deacon, is moreover reported to have confessed his detected crime with bitter lamentations. According to Bishop Bennone, a declared enemy of Hildebrand, and therefore not an unexceptionable authority, 'the sub-deacon was a certain Benzutus, an intimate friend of the late Benedict IX. and of Hildebrand; and who, enjoying the confidence of the powerful men of his time, had already poisoned six popes almost consecutively, with the connivance of Hildebrand.' Victor 'pardoned the delinquent, out of respect to the power and influence of his friends'; and in the following year, recalled Hildebrand, and placed him about his person; on the same principle, perhaps, that travellers in some countries have been recommended to trust their fire-arms to guides of suspicious character, as the best security against being robbed by them. This reminds us of the conduct of Ali Bey (Badhia) towards the chief of the holy well at Mecca, the official poisoner of those whom the Shereef wishes to get rid of; for, as it was deemed impious not to accept the miraculous water at his hands, this person became the arbiter of the lives of his visitors. 'I myself treated this traitor,' says Ali Bey, 'with the greatest marks of confidence. I accepted his water and his entertainments with an unalterable serenity and coolness. I took the precaution, however, to keep always in my pocket three doses of vitriolated zinc, to take the instant I should perceive the least indication of treason.' This Traveller asserts, that 'from time immemorial, the sultan-shereefs had maintained a poisoner at their court'; and that this was so well known both at Cairo and at Constantinople, that the divan had repeatedly sent on pilgrimage to Mecca, pashas and other persons,

to be disposed of in this Italian manner. Mecca and Rome are both holy cities, and very much the same things are practised at both: the chief difference lies in names, dialect, and costume.

Soon after the recal of Hildebrand, Pope Victor was summoned by the request of the Emperor into Germany; and while he was there, Henry II. expired in his arms. Not long after his return, Victor himself died. 'The Romans, weary of a German Pope, had long prayed for his destruction'; but whether his life was shortened by violence, does not appear. Hildebrand was at Florence at the time,—his present Biographer says, 'under *surveillance*', but intriguing with his partisans at Rome. The time was not yet come, however, for his obtaining the object of his ambition. The brother of the Duke of Tuscany was unanimously proclaimed Pope, with great rejoicings, and assumed the title of Stephen IX. (X.?) He died suddenly in the May of the following year, 1058. Hildebrand was absent on urgent business in Germany, and does not seem to have been prepared for the event. The Romans proceeded immediately to choose a pope for themselves, who was styled Benedict X. Hildebrand was met on his return with intelligence of this election; and immediately resolved upon the bold measure of assembling a council at Siena, in concert with Duke Godfrey, at which the Bishop of Florence was raised to the pontifical dignity. Supported by a Tuscan army, he then marched towards Rome with the pope elect; and having frightened the Roman pontiff into abdication and penitence, caused Nicholas II. to be consecrated as the true and legitimate successor to the throne of St. Peter. Benedict died, of course, the next year, of grief or some other cause; and his party, consisting of a powerful Roman faction which included many noble families, took refuge in the Campagna, in their respective strong-holds, where they were attacked in detail by the Papal troops, and almost exterminated. Of all these transactions, Archdeacon Hildebrand appears to have been the director. Nicholas II. expired in June 1061, making the tenth pontiff who had died within fifteen years. We shall now avail ourselves of Sir Roger Greisley's narrative.

'The turbulent spirit of the nobility and people was scarcely appeased in Rome, when the death of the pontiff was announced. Suddenly a great number of persons of all descriptions assembled, and agreed to send a deputation to the young king, Henry; charged with bearing him a crown of gold, and the dignity of Roman Patrician. The heads of this deputation were the Counts of Tusculum and Galeria, who then governed the political affairs of Rome. The knowledge of this deputation coming to Henry, he assembled a council of bishops at Basle, where he received it; and, by common consent, Cadolaus, Bishop of Parma, and chancellor of the Empire, was elected pontiff, as Honorius II. He himself afterwards accepted the gifts and honours which had been sent him by the Roman people.

‘ Whilst these scenes were being acted in Germany, Hildebrand was not idle. He assembled all the cardinals and people who were favourable to him, and proclaimed Anselmo da Badagio, Bishop of Lucca, as pope. Thus there were already two rival popes, one attached to the imperial party, the other to that of Godfrey and Hildebrand; both of noble birth and moderate abilities: but Anselmo was destitute of that elevation of mind which is requisite for governing, and was only capable of executing the designs of others. Cadolaus, on the other hand, son of the Count of Sabulano, having been left an orphan, had learned to arrive at the highest ecclesiastical preferment by dexterity and boldness; and was, undoubtedly, one of the ablest men of his time.

‘ The two parties being thus separated, and Hildebrand having destroyed every remnant of popular government in the city, had now become the supreme regulator of spiritual and temporal matters in the Roman state; and no one dared to contradict his will. He sent an embassy to the imperial court, to acquaint Henry with the election of Anselmo at Rome under his auspices; and of his readiness to support him with the sword, if necessary. The cardinal deputy was not received by the emperor; and nothing was left but to have recourse to arms. Cadolaus got together an army of Germans and Italians, amongst whom were included all the Roman nobility, and departed for Italy. Hildebrand armed the lower orders at Rome, who seconded him wonderfully; sought allies in the Normans and from Tuscany; and lost no time in seating on the throne of St. Peter his beloved Anselmo, by the name of Alexander II.; a name worthy of a pope who had gained his dignity by conquest.

‘ Matters were at this point when Benzone, Bishop of Alba, presented himself at Rome on the part of Cadolaus, intimating to Alexander that he must descend from the throne which he had usurped. He reminded him of the ancient customs, and the decree of Nicholas himself, which required the approbation of the emperor for the legitimate inauguration of any pope. But Hildebrand silenced and compelled him to leave Rome. Cardinal Bennone here relates, that Alexander II., immediately on his enthronement, preached to the people, that he was willing to suspend the exercise of his functions until he had obtained the emperor’s approbation; at which the enraged Hildebrand struck him, and shut him up in his apartments to repent and fast.

‘ Cadolaus now lost no time; but, informed of the unfavourable result of the Bishop of Alba’s mission, marched straight to Rome, with an army full of enterprise and courage. On his arrival, he encamped in the neighbourhood of the city, and prepared for the most obstinate conflict. Hildebrand issued from the gates at the head of the infuriated multitude, and engaged with his rival on the plains of Nero, on the 14th of April, 1062. The battle was long and bloody; but the people, at length broken, sought safety in flight. The victorious Cadolaus entered Rome, occupied its fortified posts, and was on the point of enjoying the fruits of his victory, when he heard that Hildebrand and Duke Godfrey were advancing with a powerful army to renew the attack. He was not in a condition for a fresh encounter, after a day on which he had already lost the flower of his troops; but

he shut himself up in the city, with all his forces, with the determination to sustain a siege. Godfrey, then assaulting the city on all sides, overcame every obstacle; and Cadolaus, wishing to save himself, resolved to fly. The Tuscan army then invaded all the ancient Roman duchy, and conquered the hostile barons, amongst whom the Crescenzi and a certain Peter Leo, who, from a Jew, had become one of the most powerful lords, were distinguished. Many of their friends passed under the dominion of Godfrey; and the Dukes of Camerino and Spoleto were not exempt from his invasion. Rome, thus become the theatre of war, was a prey to all the horrors of civil contests. The populace, unloosed, forgave no one whom they met of an opposite faction; and Hildebrand could scarcely satisfy his thirst for blood. Alexander II. remained in possession of the throne, which he only nominally enjoyed.

‘Hymns of glory and jubilee were offered up to Hildebrand after his victory, and his courtiers strove to exalt him to the skies.’

pp. 141—145.

Cadolaus was not yet subdued. Retiring to Parma, he collected a new army, by the assistance of the bishops of Lombardy, and in the following year, moved towards Rome, where he occupied the Leonine part of the city without opposition. Of the Roman nobility, the larger portion were in his favour; but Hildebrand had on his side a fanatical populace and the Tuscan army of Duke Godfrey. Cadolaus was defeated, and shut himself up with the son of the Prefect in the Castle of St. Angelo, where for two years he maintained himself. But at length, he escaped to Lombardy, leaving Hildebrand and Duke Godfrey masters of Rome. Meanwhile Pope Alexander, in whose name they ruled and ravaged, quietly remained at Lucca, far from the scene of war and violence. This Pope, a mere tool in the hands of the daring and ambitious Hildebrand, enjoyed an easy and indolent reign in the midst of public commotions, for the unusually long period of twelve years. Abandoning himself to pomp and pleasure, he surrendered the cares of government to those who had bestowed it upon him. Yet even *his* death, which took place in April 1073, is believed to have been unfairly hastened; and Bishop Benzone asserts, that it was brought about by means of Hildebrand and the above-mentioned deacon Benzuto, the Poisoner, who ‘opened his veins.’ It is at least certain, that, on the day after his death, in contempt of the canons which prohibited such hurried elections, Hildebrand was tumultuously elected Pope by the Roman populace, among whom he had distributed large sums of money; and, supported by the soldiers of the Countess Matilda, he accepted or assumed the pontifical dignity, taking the title of Gregory VII. in memory of Gregory VI., his early patron. To Henry, King of Germany, the self-made Pontiff represented, that he had been elected by the clergy and people against his own will, and that he should not have allowed

himself to be forced to undergo ordination, had he not been previously assured that the King and Princes of Germany had approved of it. With this monstrous falsehood, Henry was so far pacified that he sent an episcopal commissioner to assist, in the royal name, at the consecration of the papal usurper, which took place in June 1073. He is said to have been the last pope consecrated by the royal authority ; but this is clearly erroneous.

Gregory VII., as we must now call him, had not waited for this ratification of his title, to exercise the pontifical authority in its fullest extent. In fact, he had long held the reins of government as the actual minister of his predecessor. But no sooner had he become the legitimate Pope, than he began to develop his ambition, his energy, and his fanaticism or wickedness in all their force. He might now seem to have attained the object of all his intrigues, the summit of his hopes ; but his was no ordinary ambition that could content itself with the pageant of the papacy. The Pontiff of the Latin Church and Lord of Rome aspired to revive in another form the Roman empire ; and the pontifical dignity was, in his view, but the stepping-stone to the conquest he meditated. He had the example of Mohammed before him, and he did not scruple to have recourse to the same means—the sword : nay, he even called in the sword of the Saracen, for of Saracens the army of the great Norman brigand, Robert Guiscard, was in great measure composed.

But, high as was the aim, wide as was the range of this Great Monk's ambition, there was still a littleness in his project, arising from the pure selfishness of his object. He availed himself unscrupulously of all the instrumentality which the circumstances of the times supplied ; and knew how to turn to account, in prosecuting his schemes, the feuds of the Roman nobles, the Italian hatred of the German and the Lombard, the dread of the imperial power, the forged authority of St. Peter, the decrees of suborned councils, the hired support of a fanatical populace, the intrigues of the monk, and the sword of the Norman. But, in employing these various means of prosecuting his ever shifting policy, the only respect in which he was consistent, was in seeking his own personal advancement. The quarrel between the empire and the holy see, between Germany and Rome, he found already begun, and he left it unfinished, and only inflamed by more bitter animosity. It supplied him with materials to work with ; but he appears, if we may forestall history in using the terms, now as the Ghibelline, now as the Guelf, and true to neither party. He affected to reform the Church, and waged war against simonists and married priests ; yet, he procured his own election to the pontificate by the most corrupt means, and the Church was scandalized by his intimacy with 'the ambitious and dissolute woman,' the Countess Matilda, who participated with

him in the administration of the Church. It is said to have been his object to make Rome the capital of religion, and empire, and civilization; and yet, when he found he could no longer place any confidence in the Roman people, he invited Robert Guiscard to execute his vengeance upon the city, with fire and sword; when, from the Lateran to the Colosseum, Rome became a mass of flames and ruins, and subjected to all the excesses of a brutal and triumphant soldiery. He had previously destroyed the spirit of the Roman barons, and weakened all that was left of the national strength. Nor was he more true to the interests of his own body, as an ecclesiastic, or to the cause of the Church. Priests and bishops found as little favour at his hands, when they opposed his schemes, as any other class; and his biographers, to account for his caprice and violence, which had probably no other source than his impetuous and imperious disposition, no other object than the consolidation of his own power, are driven to invent motives of a more profound and far-sighted policy, than there is reason to give him credit for.

‘There was not a bishop in the whole Catholic world, whom, if he failed in obedience, he did not reprove, threaten, suspend, or degrade; not one whom, if he obeyed, he did not invite to Rome, and make an accomplice in his enterprises. He had his monks, who flew from one corner of Europe to another, intermeddling in the councils, condemning, persecuting, and destroying priests. On this account, all the cardinals and bishops promoted by Gregory had previously been monks; and not unfrequently, he made monks on purpose to promote and invest them. It may frankly and correctly be said, that the papacy of Gregory was a campaign between the regular and secular clergy, for the destruction and annihilation of the latter.’ p. 264.

Sir Roger Greisley elsewhere represents Hildebrand as, ‘in fact, only an active instrument in the hands of the monks of that period, who aimed at universal dominion over the church and the whole world.’ Hildebrand was not a man to be made the instrument of any party; nor is it supposable that the monks had formed any definite aim of the kind. But it is true, that the policy of the Popes led them to favour and to secure the support of the regulars, their favourite ecclesiastical militia, as a check upon the hierarchy. Our Author cites high authority in pointing out ‘how great an influence and power the monkish congregations of every denomination had acquired; and how they defended the rights of the Roman court, which had released them from the yoke of the bishops.’

‘The bishoprics, the abbeys, and prebends were all at the disposal of the monks, good or bad, learned or ignorant, as they might be; and, if any secular priest wished for promotion, it was requisite for him to assume the cowl for a certain time, and conform to the monastic life. The Roman pontiff, sustained by their influence, was omnipo-

tent ; every monk being a faithful satellite, who traversed every region and city without suspicion of treachery. Paolo Sarpi has preceded me in this observation : " They considered (that is, the fathers of the church) that it had been the great secret of the Roman pontiffs from the oldest times to preserve the primacy given them by Christ, to separate the bishops from the archbishops, and thus to make every one bound to defend them. It is perfectly clear that, after the year 600, the primacy of the apostolic see was supported by the Benedictine monks, and by the congregations of Clugni, Certosa, and others, until God raised up the mendicant orders, by which it has ever since been sustained till this day."

. ' It was for Hildebrand, rising upon the spirit of the times, to place himself at the head of the people, and proclaim its liberties against the nobles, to open the monasteries and colleges to the inexhaustible phalanx of the multitude,—monks being always more serviceable than slaves,—and to make the churches an asylum for malefactors.' pp. 183—185.

Hildebrand was the creature of the times : he did not create them. He was the quintessence of the spirit of the age ; but he gave no new direction to the course of events. He was never at the head of the people : the multitude were never with him, except as swayed by fear or by bribery. He was not the first who insisted upon the celibacy of the priesthood : and though it formed part of the policy by which he worked, it can hardly be said with propriety, that ' it was his main object.' Upon this subject, the following paragraph is instructive.

' If we wish to ascertain the advantages which the Roman church derived from enforcing celibacy, we may refer to the discourse of Cardinal Rodolph Pius, in the Consistory of 1561, in presence of Paul IV., on the question of conceding to the French the use of the chalice in the Lord's Supper. " It is clear," said he, " if this point be yielded, there will be no end to the demands of the French in matters of religion. They will require matrimony for the priests, and the use of the vulgar tongue in administering the Sacrament. From the right of matrimony it will follow that, having houses, wives, and children, they will no longer depend on the pope, but on their prince ; and love for their offspring will induce them to act prejudicially to the church. They will seek to make benefices hereditary ; and in a short time the Holy See will be within the limits of Rome. Before celibacy was established, the Roman see drew no fruits from the other cities or districts : by that she became the patron of so many benefices, of which matrimony would soon deprive her. From the use of the vulgar tongue, every body would suppose that he was a theologian ; the authority of the priests would be degraded, and heresy would attack every one." ' pp. 322, 3.

Of Gregory's long contest with Henry IV., we shall not enter into the particulars, but refer our readers to the volume before us. Henry's abject humiliation was that of a fallen and desperate monarch, deserted by his own subjects ; and it indicated less the

ascendancy of the Romish see, than the weakness of the divided empire. But Gregory's haughty conduct was as impolitic as it was the reverse of magnanimous; and it excited the greatest indignation among the bishops and nobles of Lombardy. It was a political error as well as an indecency, that he should

'have erected his tribunal in a fort that did not belong to him, in the company of a lady who gave employment to his detractors, and resolved, under such circumstances, to annul the sentence of one hundred and ten bishops recorded in the Lateran. Had he returned to his capital, and given audience to Henry before his synod, he might have forwarded his ambitious operations more skilfully,—have humbled his opponents, encouraged his friends, and spared, perhaps, a great subsequent effusion of blood.' p. 302.

As it was, it led to no result. 'The ascendancy of Gregory was on the wane, at the very time when he congratulated himself on having achieved a triumph; and the fortress of Canossa was as fatal to his ambition, as Cannæ had before been to that of Hannibal.' Henry re-assumed the ensigns of royalty; and notwithstanding his subsequent excommunication and deposition by the enraged Pontiff, three years after, his cause gained supporters. He assembled a council at Brixen in the Tyrol, at which Gregory was deposed, and Guibert, Archbishop of Ravenna, elected pontiff in his stead. The Antipope was joined, on his descent into Italy, by all the Lombard bishops with an army; and a large part of the nobility took the same side. The defeat and death of Rodolph, Henry's rival in the empire, left him at liberty to unite his troops with those of Guibert. From Ravenna, they marched together upon Rome, laying waste the patrimony of St. Peter; and Gregory's dominion was once more confined to his capital. Lucca and Siena declared for Henry; and in 1083, Rome itself, besieged by the army of the Emperor, began to waver in its allegiance to Gregory. Henry had already made himself master of the Leonine city and the Vatican, when a deputation invited him peaceably to enter the gates, while Gregory shut himself up in the castle of St. Angelo. On the following day, Guibert was elected by the Roman people, and being duly consecrated, assumed the name of Clement III. 'In the holy temple of the Apostle, Henry received the imperial crown and the title of Augustus, from the new Pontiff and the people. The Emperor then ascended the capitol, and took up his residence as in his own capital.' The approach of Robert Guiscard at the head of his Norman banditti, induced him, however, to withdraw from Rome; and the new Pope retired to Siena. Henry's conduct on this occasion has been stigmatised as pusillanimous; but we have not the means of fairly estimating his reasons. He had gained his great object, by the act which ratified his imperial title; and he was probably anxious to make the best of his way to Germany. Gregory, liberated by the Norman army, sum-

moned his last council, from which, amid the ruins of the smoking city, and the curses of its inhabitants, he fulminated afresh his impotent excommunications against Henry and Guibert. He then retired, under the protection of Guiscard, to Salerno. There, in melancholy exile, his mind seems to have preyed upon itself. A famine had added pestilence to the horrors of civil war; and of that pestilence Gregory was among the first victims. He closed his career of crime on the 25th of May 1085, in the twelfth year of his pontificate and the 65th or 66th of his age. On the 17th of July, his atrocious ally, Robert Guiscard, expired before Cephalonia, ridding the earth of a brigand only less execrable than the Great Monk whose career we have been retracing.

And now where shall we look for the temporal sovereignty of the Popes,—for the Papal monarchy of which Gregory is represented to have been the founder? It cannot be said to have died with him, for it had melted away in his hands. Rome still acknowledged as its sovereign the German Cæsar, who received the crown of Italy at the hands of the Roman bishop, not in virtue of his pretended power to bestow crowns at his pleasure, but as ratifying the election of the Roman people, which was still deemed a requisite formality. As monarch of Germany and Lombardy, the title of the emperor was previously complete; but he was not the legitimate sovereign of the Roman empire, till he had been crowned by the primate in the old metropolis of the world. On this rested the Papal supremacy. But the temporal sovereignty of the Popes was not at this period established in Rome itself. Six and thirty of Gregory's successors, Gibbon tells us, 'maintained an unequal contest with the Romans: their age and dignity were often violated; and the churches, in the solemn rites of religion, were polluted with sedition and murder. The vanity of sacerdotal ambition is revealed in the involuntary confession, that one emperor was more tolerable than twenty.' Nor was even the ecclesiastical supremacy of the Roman bishop at this time universally admitted. The clergy of Milan, who had for two centuries contested the supremacy of Italy with the Roman pontiff and the archbishop of Ravenna, still maintained their independence; and in England, and even France, the papal supremacy was of a very equivocal description. William the Conqueror, although he invaded this country with the sanction of Pope Alexander and Hildebrand, peremptorily refused to let any of his bishops obey the summons to attend a synod at Rome, and openly contemned the papal decrees. The following is given as a letter which he addressed to the Pontiff*.

* This letter, Mosheim refers to as extant in the *Miscellanea* of Baluzius, and given by Collier, in the documents of his *Ecclesiastical History*.

“To the most excellent Pastor of the Church, the King of the Angles and Duke of Normandy sends greeting.—Hubert, thy legate, O religious father! on thy behalf, has admonished me to remain faithful, not only to thyself, but thy successors, and to think better about the money which my predecessors used to pay to St. Peter. I have granted the second, but not the first. I have never sworn allegiance, nor will I; because I do not find that my predecessors ever promised it. The money was negligently collected, whilst I was three years in France; and now that I am returned to my kingdom, I send it you: the rest will be communicated to you by Lanfranc, through your legates. Pray for us, and for our kingdom; for we have loved your predecessors, and we love you above all love, and desire to obey you.” This letter was far from being satisfactory to Gregory, who cared less for money than for homage.’ pp. 328–9.

With regard to the famous ‘Dictates of Hildebrand,’ which are supposed to exhibit the universal authority and supremacy of the Popes at this period, they may have been substantially the pretensions which Gregory put forth at the height of his power and in the intoxication of apparent success; but nothing can be more absurd than to suppose them ever to have been received by the Romish Church, or to regard them as an authentic exposition of the sentiments of the times. For instance, the XIth, ‘There is only one power in the world,—that of the pope,’ could never have been propounded by Hildebrand himself as true in any sense; and that the Pope alone could ‘ordain a clerk of any Church,’ is a maxim too ridiculous to have been put forth by any one. The whole bears the marks of being either an ignorant misrepresentation of Hildebrand’s pretensions, or a stupid forgery of after times. That the *matter* of the greater part of these sentences may be found, as Mosheim remarks, in Gregory’s epistles, is saying nothing in favour of their authenticity; since every fiction of the kind must have some portion of truth to give it plausibility; but, as an historical document, it has no pretensions to genuineness, and receives a sufficient confutation from subsequent history.

Protestants, as well as Romanists, from opposite motives, have prodigiously magnified the power of the Popes, estimating it by the wild and inordinate pretensions of some two or three individual pontiffs, rather than by any historic evidence of their actual supremacy. This was at no time completely established in the Latin world, and was always rejected by the kingdoms of the Eastern Church. What is it now? Sacerdotal power, by whomsoever exercised, is an intolerable and degrading tyranny, for it assumes to domineer over the consciences of men. But priests have not always been tyrants and persecutors; and on the other hand, the blood of martyrs has not been shed by Papists alone. The Court of Rome never claimed more or other power than did the English Star Chamber; nor did the crusade against the

Albigenses exceed in horrible injustice and cruelty the treatment of the Irish by the Protestant English. The Presbyterians of Geneva have in recent times exhibited a spirit as intolerant as the Papists of a darker age; and Infidelity is not less disposed to persecute the Church of God, than is fanatical Bigotry. Arbitrary power, be it that of monarch, or pope, or republican oligarchy,—to whatever church or creed it may ally itself, Pagan, Christian, or Mussulman,—is the same hateful evil; and it only requires to come into combination with religious enthusiasm or fanatical superstition, to kindle into the character of a persecutor. Liberty, which otherwise is treated simply as a rebel, is then proceeded against as a heretic.

Of the volume before us, the extracts we have given, preclude the necessity of our adding much. Using the word in its proper sense, and not by way of disparagement, we may characterize it as a highly respectable performance; not distinguished by any peculiar critical acumen or felicities of composition, but exhibiting much careful investigation, extensive reading, and correct sentiment. If not the work of a practised author or of a profound politician, it yet displays a scholarship graceful in the gentleman.

-
- Art. II. 1. *Report of the Board of Managers of the Pennsylvania Colonization Society.* With an Introduction and Appendix. 8vo. pp. 48. Price 1s. 6d. Philadelphia and London, 1831.
2. *Report of the Proceedings of the African Education Society:* instituted at Washington, Dec. 28, 1829. With an Address. 8vo. pp. 16. Washington, 1830.
3. *Liberia Herald.* July 6, 1830. Vol. I. No. 5. Monrovia.
4. *North American Review.* No. lxxvi. July, 1832. Art. *American Colonization Society.*
5. *Four Essays on Colonial Slavery.* By John Jeremie, Esq. Late first President of the Royal Court of St. Lucia. 8vo. pp. 124. London, 1831.
6. *The Anti-Slavery Record.* No. 5. Sept. 1, 1832. Price 1d.

IN our Number for January last, we gave some account of the Africo-American Colony on the Windward Coast of Western Africa, which has received the name of Liberia. We have now before us what is something better than a mere curiosity, the fifth Number of a Liberia weekly newspaper*. In the article referred to, we took occasion to advert to the object and principles of the

* The Editor of the paper is Mr. Russwurm, a coloured man of good education, who graduated at Bowdoin College (Me.), in 1826.

American Colonization Society; and we remarked, that there seemed to exist a much stronger wish to get rid of the free-coloured population, than to meliorate the condition of the slaves. While applauding, as we could not but do most sincerely, the philanthropic intentions of the Society, we asked, in all simplicity, What is to be the fate of the slave population of America? And we supplied the answer which, we imagined, the republicans of the Southern States would return to such an inquiry: 'Get rid of the free black population by all means, but talk of emancipation at your peril.'

These remarks were misconstrued, we regret to find, as implying an unkind suspicion with regard to the purity of the motives by which the friends of African colonization in America are actuated; or, at least, as casting blame upon them for the prudent course they have taken, in not mixing up the question of emancipation with that of emigration. This was not our meaning; for we were not unaware of the difficult path the Society had to tread, the political considerations which rendered it necessary to abstain from agitating, as a Society, the slavery question, and the consequent expediency of strictly confining their attention to their avowed object. Suspicions, alarms, and complaints have been raised in the slave-holding states by the very plan of colonization. On the other hand, some of the most efficient friends of the measure have been, and are, slave-owners and residents in the midst of a slave population. Under these circumstances, it would have been unwise and improper to make any article of faith on the subject of slavery the ostensible basis of their proceedings, or to exact any test from those who were disposed to cooperate in the specific scheme. Whatever dissatisfaction we may feel with the state of the law and of public morality, in reference to slaves and slavery, in America, we have no fault to find with the Colonization Society; we have no particle of remaining doubt as to the sincere desire of its projectors and principal supporters to eradicate slavery itself from the American soil; and we 'esteem them very highly in love for their works' sake.'

In the last Number of the North American Review, we find a long article advocating the object of the Society, and defending its policy; from which, as an authentic exposition of the principles of its supporters, we shall, in justice, extract so much as will enable our readers to understand the true state of the case.

'In the first place, then, the Society, as a society, recognizes no principles in reference to the slave system. It says nothing, and proposes to do nothing, respecting it. The object to which their attention is to be *exclusively* directed is, to promote and execute a plan for colonizing (with their consent) the free people of colour.

'But though the Society, as such, recognize no principles, they do recognize opinions upon the subject in question; and these opinions

they do not seek to conceal. They have invariably disclosed, though never urged them, on all suitable occasions.

‘ So far as we can ascertain, the supporters of the Colonization policy generally believe, 1. That Slavery is a moral and political evil. 2. That it is in this country a constitutional and legitimate system, which they have neither inclination, interest, nor ability to disturb. 3. That neither the commencement nor the continuance of this system is generally chargeable to (on) the Slave-holders or the slave-holding states. 4. That the Governments and the individuals immediately and personally concerned in the system, and they alone, have the *right* to manage and modify it as they choose. 5. That it is their *interest*, and also peculiarly in their *power*, in reference to slavery, to promote the Society’s design.’

Each of these propositions will require a brief comment, in order to shew what is the actual state of the law, and of opinion, in America, and wherein they differ from the state of things in this country and its colonies.

That slavery ‘is a moral and political evil,’ may be admitted in terms, by many who still regard it as a necessary evil, or an evil to be tolerated, or not a greater evil than pauperism and other inevitable concomitants of certain stages of society. The language is tame and equivocal. Those persons only will feel that slavery is such an evil as ought not to be suffered to exist, who regard the holding of men in bondage as not simply an evil, but a wrong. In all moral evil, criminality must be involved; if, therefore, slavery is a moral evil, it is, on the part of those who tolerate it, a crime. We will not go so far as to say, that every slave-holder is to be regarded as criminal, for the sin does not lie at his door; and he may be doing his part to mitigate the injustice, and to pave the way for the abolition of the evil. Laws which are essentially unjust, which inflict political grievances, or actual oppression, must be morally wrong; but personal criminality does not attach to the individual who is the involuntary instrument of executing such laws, or whose conduct is necessarily governed by them; who, therefore, acts legitimately. Bad laws cannot legitimate themselves, but, by legitimating the acts committed under them, they assuredly preclude, to a certain degree, blame in the individual. Unjust wars are criminal, but we do not blame the soldier, the pay-master, or the contractor. The English game-laws are detestable; but the crime does not attach to the magistrate.

The case is altogether changed, when the slave-holder, or when any one becomes the abettor of laws that perpetuate injustice and oppression, and the opponent of measures of redress. By his own act, he then becomes a transgressor of those moral obligations which are prior and superior to all human legislation. In the former case, the slave-holder finds himself involved,

without any original fault on his part, in what we shall not hesitate to term a national crime; a crime to which all the constituted authorities under which he lives are accessaries. But if he could himself be properly regarded as personally criminal, he ought to be punished. Now no one has gone so far as to maintain, that the holding of slaves according to law, is a crime that ought to be punitively dealt with, or that the Divine punishment is to be invoked upon all persons holding such property. The opinion that slavery involves national guilt, implies no such sentiment as this; nor does any thing of a vindictive feeling become the genuine philanthropist. It is a possible thing, that some of the sincerest friends to the emancipation of the slaves, may be found among the proprietors of estates worked by slave labour.

We will make a further concession;—for the cause we have at heart is too good, and the case of the friends of abolition too strong, to be endangered or weakened by the amplest concessions that candour requires. We have on a former occasion cited the forcible language of Fox, that ‘personal freedom is a right, of which he who deprives a fellow-creature is absolutely criminal in so depriving him; and which he who withholds when it is in his power to restore, is not less criminal in withholding.’ This was said in reference to that ‘system of rapine, robbery, and murder’ as the right honourable Speaker justly characterized it, the slave-trade. In extending its application to slavery, we must not overlook the wide difference between refusing to restore liberty to one who has been piratically deprived of its actual possession, and withholding liberty from those who have never been possessed of it,—to whom it may be given, but not restored. The difference does not affect the natural right, the moral claim of the slave to personal freedom, which is as clear and complete in the born slave as in the kidnapped African; but it makes a material difference as regards the guilt and cruelty of detaining him in slavery. Considering social rights as the creature of law, it must also be admitted, that the kidnapping of a free man and the holding of a born slave, are wrongs differing at least very widely in the degree of criminality. The depriving of an innocent fellow-creature of personal freedom by an overt act, is a crime which no one can involuntarily commit, which nothing can justify, which calls for immediate reparation or punishment. But, for the withholding of freedom from the slave, it may be pleaded, that the owners have not the absolute power to reverse the condition of the slave. The validity of this plea, we shall examine hereafter.

With these qualifications, we hold, that slavery is not merely a moral evil in its consequences, but, in its very nature, a moral wrong, and therefore involves a crime. This we are prepared to maintain of slavery in the abstract; but we are not fond of dwelling

in the region of abstractions. We will not speak of abstract slavery, but, of that definite, palpable, monstrous outrage upon humanity, West India slavery; and of this we say, that it is a moral and political evil that reflects deep disgrace upon the civilized Legislature that tolerates its continuance for an hour. Not to insist upon immediate abolition, is to plead for the continued license of moral and political wickedness. It is not simply holding men in slavery—this does not describe the system: it is holding them, using them, deeming of them *as beasts*. It is a system incapable of legislative regulation; melioration is out of the question; it must be left as it is, a horrid nuisance and crime, to wear itself out by ruining the planter and extirpating the slave-breed,—or, abolished.

We speak of Jamaica slavery. How far American Slavery deserves to be described in the same terms, we do not at present stop to inquire; but we must grant, in passing, that a state of things which admits of the natural increase of the negro population, cannot in fairness be identified with a system under which the race is slowly perishing; and that all that is advanced in condemnation of American slavery, applies not equally, but *à fortiori* to the British colonial system. We are glad to learn that, even with regard to the former, there prevails much less 'abstract diversity of opinion' among the citizens of the United States, than might have been feared. 'Our countrymen,' says the Reviewer, 'including those of the Southern States, are much 'more unanimous in considering Slavery as *an evil*, than may be 'generally supposed.

'Distinguished and highly respected individuals have indeed held otherwise. Charles Cotesworth Pinckney, for example, several years ago, described the South Carolinian slavery as "no greater nor more unusual evil than befalls the poor in general." He also said, that its extinction would be calamitous to the country; and that the system is sanctioned by the Mosaic, and at least tolerated by the Christian dispensation. Governor Miller, of the same State, in one of his messages to the Legislature, says: "Slavery is not a national evil: on the contrary, it is a national benefit. Slavery exists in some form every where; and it is not of much consequence, in a *philosophical* view, whether it be voluntary or not." These are certainly not the sentiments of the Colonization Society; and they do not hesitate to express their confidence, that even the Southern public are generally of *their* opinion. Many of their own number, indeed, belong to that section, and still more are, or have been, slave-holders. And they appeal to the authority of the greatest men whom the South has produced. The sentiments of Mr. Jefferson are too familiar to our readers, to be more than referred to. "As we ought with gratitude", said Patrick Henry, in the Debates of the Virginia Convention, "to admire that decree of Heaven which has numbered us among the free, we ought to lament and deplore the necessity of holding our fellow-

men in bondage." The expressions of Governor Randolph were, that he hoped no man would object to *their* discharge of their own duty, because there was some prospect "that those unfortunate men now held in bondage, might, by the operation of the General Government, be made free." Judge Tucker wrote, in 1798, that the introduction of slavery into this country was at that day "considered among its greatest misfortunes." The venerable Judge Washington many years since observed, that if the Colonization Society should lead to the slow but gradual abolition of slavery, "it will wipe from our political institutions the only blot which stains them." The declarations of many other of our illustrious fellow-citizens at the South and West, to the same effect, may be seen in the Society's official publication for January 1829.'

All this is very well, *so far as it goes*. But the following facts are still more satisfactory. Of the twenty-four States of the American Union, nine are free from the curse of slavery. In the six New England States and in that of New York, slaves were never very numerous: in Ohio, they were never introduced; but in Pennsylvania, the abolition of slavery has been comparatively recent. So far back, however, as 1698, the Assembly of Pennsylvania, to put an end to the introduction of slaves, laid a duty of £10 per head upon their importation; 'but this benevolent law, together with about *fifty* of similar tenor, which 'were passed by the neighbouring colonies up to the period of 'their Revolution, were all refused the sanction of the mother 'country.' Shortly after the separation, the subject of slave-colonization was taken up by the Virginia Legislature, but without any important result.

'In 1796, the plan was again revived in a series of luminous Essays by Gerard T. Hopkins, a distinguished friend in Baltimore; and shortly afterwards, the Legislature of Virginia, a State containing nearly one third of the black population of the Union, pledged its faith to give up all their slaves, provided the United States could obtain a proper asylum for them. President Jefferson negotiated in vain for a territory either in Africa or Brazil; but that great State again renewed its pledge in 1816, by a vote of 190 to 9, (most of the members being slave-holders,) upon which Gen. C. F. Mercer, the Wilberforce of the American Congress, opened a correspondence with the philanthropists of the different States, which led to the formation of the American Colonization Society, on the 1st of January, 1817. The great objects of that Society were, the final and entire abolition of slavery, providing for the best interests of the blacks, by establishing them in independence upon the coast of Africa. . . . The disposition of Virginia has been already shewn. Delaware and Kentucky have also proved their anxiety to concur in so noble a cause; and Dr. Ayres, the earliest Governor of Liberia, now a resident of Maryland, asserts, that, "owing to the plans and principles of colonization being better understood, in less than 20 years, *there will be no more slaves born in that state.*" A party in South Carolina is now

almost the only opponent that the Society has at home; and, as if to afford the most incontestable evidence that its plan will destroy the institution of slavery in the United States, they ground their opposition upon the *inevitable tendency* of colonization to *eradicate slaveholding*, and thereby deprive them of their property.'—*Reports of the Pennsylvania Col. Soc.* pp. iii, iv.

There are some parties who view the proceedings of the Colonization Society with jealousy, because they imagine that the plan must have an opposite tendency;—that of perpetuating slavery in the American States. We incline to give the South Carolinians credit for seeing furthest on this point. Any plan which tends to encourage and facilitate manumission, must have a tendency to eradicate slavery. And let slavery be exterminated in New Jersey, Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, and Kentucky, in which States it has ceased to be profitable, the non-slave-holding States will then be fourteen out of twenty-four; and as Indiana and Illinois have but few slaves, eight only would be left to contend for 'the constitutional and legitimate system'. Now, in America, majorities are every thing.

But what hope is there, it may be asked, that slavery will by such means be exterminated even in Virginia and the Middle States; that American slave-holders will be induced to give up their slaves gratuitously, on the sole condition of their removal to Africa? The answer given us is, that 'sugar, rice, and cotton' are almost the only articles of profitable slave labour. Hence 'it has become the dearest species where they cannot be produced.' This conviction will induce many whose benevolence 'revolts at the idea of selling, to manumit gratuitously.'*

* 'In 1826, Mr. Minge, of Charles County, Virginia, not only emancipated *eighty* slaves, for the purpose of sending them to Hayti, but chartered a brig for their transportation, furnished them with supplies, and distributed a peck of dollars among them as a farewell present. Mr. Henshaw, near Richmond, liberated *sixty*, to be sent to Liberia. A year or two subsequently, a gentleman in Kentucky writes to the Society, that he will give up twelve or fifteen of his coloured people now, and so on gradually, till the whole (sixty) are given up, if means for their passage to Liberia can be provided. In January 1829, offers were pending to the Society of more than two hundred slaves, ready to be manumitted on the same conditions. At that time, 30 had just been sent out from Maryland, and 25 from South Carolina. In 1830, the Society of Friends belonging to North Carolina, had enabled 652 coloured persons under their care to emigrate, with an unknown number of children, husbands, and wives connected with them by consanguinity. Many of them are understood to have been slaves. Their generous benefactors had then expended nearly 13,000 dollars; and 402 persons remained, who were also to be removed. . . . Hundreds are ready to be manumitted in all the Western States, whenever the means of sending them off shall be matured.' *N. Amer. Rev.* lxxvi. p. 148.

‘D. Murray, Esq. of Maryland, who sent thirty slaves to Liberia, thus writes: “I have never regretted parting with them, and would not have them back again on any consideration. *Three white men now do the work of the thirty*; and maintaining the women and children cost quite as much as the labour of the white men. Farming has now become a delightful employment; formerly it was a perfect drudgery; and my slaves would as willingly return from independence to slavery, as I would accept the ungrateful task of again becoming an overseer.’ *Reports, &c.* p. ix.

In an Address delivered to the Kentucky Colonization Society by the Hon. Henry Clay, printed in the Appendix to the Pennsylvania Society’s Report, it is stated, that the competition between free and slave labour, and *the preference for white labour*, are already discernible in parts of Maryland, Virginia, and Kentucky; as was probably the case in Pennsylvania and other States north of Maryland, prior to the disappearance of slaves among them. And it is anticipated, that ‘the march of the ascendancy of free labour over slave, will proceed from the North to the South, gradually entering first the States nearest to the free region. Its progress would be more rapid, if it were not impeded by the check resulting from the repugnance of the white man to work among slaves, or where slavery is tolerated.’

It is a little remarkable, however, that the possibility of substituting free black labour for slave-labour, does not appear to have occurred to the American statesman; but ‘free labour’ and ‘white labour’ seem to be used as convertible terms. This has an ugly look. The substitution of white labour for slave labour in the sugar and cotton plantations of the Southern States, can scarcely be dreamed of: it would only occasion a lamentable waste of human life. Now so long as slavery exists, we can easily believe that great, if not insuperable difficulties would attend the introduction of free black labour; difficulties created by slavery itself. The mixture of the two systems would be next to impracticable. The black freeman would as naturally resent working among slaves, as the white man; and would, perhaps, feel a still greater repugnance to that species of labour which has become identified with slavery. It is said, that no Spaniard will use a wheelbarrow, because it is fit only for beasts to draw a carriage; while the Portuguese has an equal aversion to carrying a burthen, because beasts only are fit to carry a load. No English labourer likes to carry the hod. Similar prejudices will naturally render the coloured free man averse to negro work, so long as a degraded slave-caste exists. But nothing can be more unfair or delusive than to infer from the inefficiency of free black labour in countries where slavery is tolerated, or from the degraded condition of the free blacks under such circumstances, that the free black

labourer would not become more profitable than the slave, were the emancipation general.

We receive with considerable suspicion the accounts of slaveholders respecting the indolence, profligacy, and utter worthlessness of free blacks. But, supposing such statements not to be overcharged *, it must be recollected, that their intermediate condition between their brethren in bondage and the privileged white-skin caste, is in the highest degree unfavourable to their moral improvement; nor is it surprising that they should too often be found mimicking the vices of the white, while sharing in the degradation of the enslaved race. Mr. Clay, while representing the free people of colour as the most corrupt and depraved class in the American community, admits that this is chiefly owing to their unfortunate predicament.

‘There are,’ he says, ‘many honourable exceptions among them; and I take pleasure in bearing testimony to some I know. It is not so much their fault, as the consequence of their anomalous condition. Place ourselves, place any man in the like predicament, and similar effects would follow. *They are not slaves, and yet, they are not free.* The laws, it is true, proclaim them free; but prejudices more powerful than any laws, deny them the privileges of freemen. They occupy a middle station between the free white population and the slaves of the United States; and the tendency of their habits is to corrupt both. They crowd our large cities, where those who will work can best procure suitable employment, and where those who addict themselves to vice can best practise and conceal their crimes.... The vices of the free blacks do not spring from any inherent depravity in their natural constitution, but from their unfortunate situation. Social intercourse is a want which we are prompted to gratify by all the properties of our nature. And as they cannot obtain it in the better circles of society, nor always among themselves, they resort to slaves, and to the most debased and worthless of the whites. Corruption and all the train of petty offences are the consequences. Proprietors of slaves, in whose neighbourhood any free coloured family is situated, know how infectious and pernicious this intercourse is.’

No doubt they do,—and how much the *danger* of slavery is increased by the presence of a free coloured community. More is here meant, than meets the ear; but, in a preceding paragraph, Mr. Clay is more explicit.

‘When we consider the cruelty of the origin of negro slavery, its nature, the character of the free institutions of the whites, and the ir-

* In 1820, of 10,729 free coloured persons in Philadelphia, there were living in the families of white persons as servants, 3110; (*viz.* 1028 male and 2082 female;) those who kept house, or lived in families of their own colour, were 7619, of whom 1970 were returned as taxable, and 229 owned real estate. Ten places of worship were occupied exclusively by persons of colour.

resistible progress of public opinion, throughout America as well as in Europe, it is impossible not to anticipate frequent insurrections among the blacks in the United States. *They are rational beings like ourselves, capable of feeling, of reflection, and of judging of what naturally belongs to them as a portion of the human race. By the very condition of the relation which subsists between us, we are enemies of each other.* They know well the wrongs which their ancestors suffered at the hands of our ancestors, and the wrongs which they believe they continue to endure, although they may be unable to avenge them. They are kept in subjection only by the superior intelligence and superior power of the predominant race. Their brethren have been liberated in every part of the continent of America, except in the United States and the Brazils. By an Act of the President of the Republic of the United Mexican States, (dated, Sept. 15, 1829,) the whole of them in that Republic have been emancipated. A great effort is now making in Great Britain, which tends to the same ultimate effect, in regard to the negro slaves in the British West Indies. Happily for us, no such insurrection can ever be attended with permanent success, as long as our Union endures. It would be speedily suppressed by the all-powerful means of the United States; and it would be the madness of despair in the blacks, that should attempt it. But, if attempted in some parts of the United States, what shocking scenes of carnage, rapine, and lawless violence might not be perpetrated, before the arrival at the theatre of action of a competent force to quell it! And, after it was put down, what other scenes of military rigour and bloody executions would not be indispensably necessary to punish the insurgents, and impress their whole race with the influence of a terrible example!

This forcible representation is not urged as an argument for emancipation, but simply for reducing, by colonization, the numbers of the black population. It is obvious, however, that it supplies reasons equally strong for the more effectual measure. The domestic danger may be lessened by drafting off the black population, but it cannot be wholly removed. So long as slavery remains, an element of combustion exists in the heart of the State, which, in a season of civil commotion or foreign danger, a spark might ignite. It has, indeed, been adduced as an objection to the plans of the Colonization Society by some zealous abolitionists on this side of the Atlantic, that, by diminishing the numbers of the bond and free coloured population, the motives of policy will be weakened, which would otherwise lead to the abolition of slavery. It is said, that the slave-owners are induced by their fears to concur in the scheme of the Society, only that the remaining sons of bondage may be held the more securely, and their chains and fetters be riveted the more firmly. By the removal of the free blacks, it is urged, their brethren in bondage will be cut off from their sympathies, and from the influence which, as freemen, they now exert on behalf of the more degraded slave.

And if their removal could be totally effected, and the redundant slave population likewise be sent to Africa, the last spark of hope for the remaining two millions of slaves* would be quenched, and the most distant expectation of their emancipation be extinguished.

The answer to this objection is, that the hypothesis requires a very extensive colonization of emancipated slaves to have been effected, in order to the consequence supposed—the riveting of the chains of the remainder. The object of the Colonization Society, is to facilitate and encourage manumission, by providing the means of emigration to the emancipated slave. Before this measure can render the slaves less formidable from their numbers, emancipation must have taken place to a considerable extent; and surely this were a positive good, not to be rejected because of any contingent evil. Besides, it may be questioned, whether the existence of the free black population is a circumstance of any benefit to the slave, seeing that they do not possess, and cannot exert, the genuine influence of free men. The existence of this caste is known to be a source of uneasiness to the slave-holder; but it only renders him the more indisposed to consent to the manumission of his slaves. It has also led several of the States to prohibit manumission. We say nothing as to the justice and humanity of such arbitrary enactments: but such is the fact. Some of the States, moreover, have passed, or are about to pass, ‘some *penal* enactments for the purpose of *expelling* their free ‘black population’ from their respective territories. Yes, in America, the land of liberty, the free blacks and the native Indians are treated quite as uncereemoniously as we treat the Irish on their own soil. Very abominable and detestable are such arbitrary proceedings. Nevertheless, what should we think of the reasoning which would oppose the transfer of a million of starving Irish to Canada, if it could be effected, on the ground that it would place the remaining six millions more at the mercy of the Irish landlords? If our West India Planters had founded Sierra Leone with the express design of transporting thither the superfluous free coloured population of the islands, with their own consent, no compulsion being used, we would not have quarrelled with their policy. But we should have said to them, as we would now say to the American slave-holders—Go on colonizing; yet, do not flatter yourselves with the notion, that, by so doing, you will perpetuate the right or power to hold your fellow creatures in bondage. Colonization is like a pump to a leaky vessel;

* We cite the language of an objector. The total slave population of the United States is only 1,840,000; the free coloured, about 250,000.

you do well to empty out your black population by ship-fulls, but you would do still better to look in time to the leak. Slavery may by this means be kept under for a while, but, if not abolished, it will eventually sink the vessel of the State.

Colonization, if intended as a substitute for emancipation, will assuredly disappoint its projectors; but to charge the benevolent founders of the American Colonization Society with any intention of this kind, is in the highest degree illiberal and unjust. We regret that any such aspersions should have been cast upon their motives, or that they should have been blamed for not hazarding the success of their whole scheme, by proclaiming themselves, unequivocally, abolitionists. The language of Mr. Clay shews in what light slavery is viewed by the most enlightened men in America; and we must recollect that our American brethren have given the best practical demonstration of their conviction of its evil nature, by abolishing it in so many of the States. It is true, the Congress and Government of the United States have, by admitting Missouri into the Union as a slave-holding State, for the purpose of opening a slave-market for the Virginian and other slave-growers, and by allowing an internal slave-trade, drawn down upon themselves deep disgrace and guilt. But before we can with fairness impute the sins of the Legislature to the American nation, we must recollect how long our own parliament resisted the abolition even of the slave-trade, in defiance of the voice of the people. Nor are we yet in a condition that entitles us to talk to the Americans of abolishing slavery. No; let us first get rid of the blot, the crime, the curse of our own colonial system, and then—when slavery shall have been abolished, not only in Colombia, Peru, Mexico, and Hayti, but in the British Isles,—the time will not be very distant, when the Slave-states of the American Union shall feel themselves compelled to follow our example.

There is one important difference between American slavery and West India slavery, which, in justice to our Transatlantic brethren, must not be overlooked. The circumstance which recommends the expedient of colonization even to slave-holders in the United States, is, we are told, the rapid and alarming increase of the slave, as well as the free coloured population,—which has been calculated at 56,000 a year. And what is highly remarkable, notwithstanding the numerous manumissions, the slave population has increased faster than the free. Between 1820 and 1830, it had increased $19\frac{1}{2}$ per cent.; and the rate of increase was formerly still higher. Now this subject of alarm, this motive to plans of colonization, could not have arisen in Jamaica, where, instead of an increase of $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. per annum, as in the American Slave-states, there was formerly a *decrease* of $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent.; and where, even now, the slave population is, in

point of numbers, stationary. In America, it is calculated that the importation of less than half a million of Africans has produced the present coloured population of two millions. In Jamaica, 850,000 slaves have been imported, and the present coloured population does not amount to half that number. We are aware, however, that we are not to set down this whole difference between a fourfold increase and a decrease of one half, to the superior humanity of the American slave-holders; although, in point of fact, the American slaves are generally better treated. Brother Jonathan has a notion, as we have already hinted, that it is more profitable to grow slaves for transportation, than to work them to death upon worn-out soils. We shall borrow a paragraph or two from Mr. Clay, in illustration of this mystery.

‘ In proportion to the multiplication of the descendants of the European stock, and the consequent diminution of the value of slave labour, by the general diminution of wages, will there be an abatement in the force of motives to rear slaves. The master will not find an adequate indemnity in the price of the adult for the charges of maintaining and bringing up the offspring. His care and attention will relax; and he will be indifferent about incurring expenses when they are sick, and in providing for their general comfort, when he knows that he will not be ultimately compensated. There may not be numerous instances of positive violation of the duties of humanity, but every one knows the difference between a negligence, which is not criminal, and a watchful vigilance, stimulated by interest, which allows no want to be unsupplied. The effect of this relaxed attention to the offspring will be, to reduce the rates of general increase of the slave portion of our population, whilst that of the other race, not subject to the same neglect, will increase and fill up the void. A still greater effect, from the diminution of the value of labour, will be that of voluntary emancipations; the master being now anxious to relieve himself from a burthen, without profit, by renouncing his right of property. One or two facts will illustrate some of these principles. Prior to the annexation of Louisiana to the United States, the supply of slaves from Africa was abundant. The price of adults was generally about 100 dollars, a price less than the cost of raising an infant. Then it was believed that the climate of that province was unfavourable to the rearing of negro children, and comparatively few were raised. After the United States abolished the slave trade, the price of adults rose very considerably; greater attention was consequently bestowed on their children; and now, nowhere is the African female more prolific than she is in Louisiana, and the climate of no one of the Southern States is supposed to be more favourable to rearing the offspring. The serfs of Russia possess a market value inferior to that of the African slaves of the United States; and, although the lord is not believed to be bound to provide for the support of his dependent, as the American master is for his slave, voluntary manumissions of the serf are very frequent, influenced in some degree, no doubt, by his inconsiderable value.

‘What has tended to sustain the price of slaves in the United States, has been, that very fact of the acquisition of Louisiana, but especially the increasing demand for cotton, and the consequent increase of its cultivation. The price of cotton, a much more extensive object of culture than the sugar-cane, regulates the price of slaves as unerringly as any one subject whatever is regulated by any standard. As it rises in price, they rise; as it falls, they fall. But the multiplication of slaves, by natural causes, must soon be much greater than the increase of the demand for them; to say nothing of the progressive decline which has taken place, in that great Southern staple, within a few years, and which there is no reason to believe will be permanently arrested. Whenever the demand for the cultivation of sugar and cotton comes to be fully supplied, the price of slaves will begin to decline; and as that demand cannot possibly keep pace with the supply, the price will decline more and more. Farming agriculture cannot sustain it; for it is believed that nowhere in the farming portion of the United States would slave labour be generally employed, if the proprietor were not tempted to raise slaves by the high price of the Southern market, which keeps it up in his own.

‘But neither this nor any other conceivable cause can, for any length of time, check the fall in the value of slaves to which they are inevitably destined. We have seen that, as slaves diminish in price, the motive of the proprietors of them to rear the offspring will abate, that consequent neglect in providing for their wants will ensue, and consequent voluntary emancipation will take place. That adult slaves will, in process of time, sink in value even below a hundred dollars each, I have not a doubt. This result may not be brought about by the termination of the first period of their duplication, but that it will come, at some subsequent, and not distant period, I think perfectly clear. Whenever the price of the adult shall be less than the cost of raising him from infancy, what inducement will the proprietor of the parent have to incur that expense? In such a state of things, it will be in vain that the laws prohibit manumission. No laws can be enforced or will be respected, the effect of which is the ruin of those on whom they operate. In spite of all their penalties, the liberation or abandonment of slaves will take place.’ pp. 38, 39.

We have transcribed this truly American piece of reasoning for two purposes; first, to let our readers into the secret of Virginia slave-breeding, that they may understand *why* the slave population has increased so rapidly in America, and what motives have led to the *cultivation* of the race; and secondly, that they may see in this revolting disclosure, a fresh and damning proof of the infernal malignity of the evil, moral and political,—bestial slavery. We scarcely know which is calculated to awaken the more melancholy reflections, the increase of the slave population in the United States, or its murderous decrease in Jamaica and Mauritius. Honour be to those Virginians whose ‘benevolence revolts at the idea of selling’, and who are therefore willing to manumit gratuitously: but these, alas! are the noble exceptions.

We have almost lost sight of the opinions which the American Reviewer ascribes to the supporters of the colonization policy. The first is, that slavery is a moral and political evil; the second, that it is, in America, 'a constitutional and legitimate system, which they have neither inclination, interest, nor ability to disturb.' Begging the Reviewer's pardon, this last clause is not an 'opinion', but a formal disclaimer of an 'inclination' to disturb a 'moral and political evil';—a declaration which, we are persuaded, the Reviewer was not authorized to put into the mouth of the Society. Not disturb it! This cannot be the sentiment of those States that have abolished slavery. But what, perhaps, is meant, is, that the Society do not seek to 'disturb the peace,' by interfering 'with the rights or the interest of the proprietors of slaves.' This principle we find no fault with: it is that by which our own Missionary Societies have been religiously governed, and to which their agents have conscientiously adhered, in labouring to communicate religious instruction to the slave population of the British Colonies. That slavery is, in America, a 'legitimate system', is undeniable: it is as legitimate as Popery in Italy, as the Inquisition in Spain, as polygamy in Turkey, as piracy in Algiers, as idolatry in India, as infanticide in China. Every thing is legitimate, which the laws of the country do not forbid. 'Constitutional' too;—yes, the American Constitution sanctions and protects slavery. 'The States wherein slavery exists, are alone regarded as possessing the right and power, under the Constitution of the country, to legislate upon it.' Congress has no power to interfere with the slave system; and the very attempt would endanger a dissolution of the Union, or a civil war,—a short one, indeed, if the slaves could find the means of arming themselves; still, no one would wish to see slavery abolished by such means.

But then, how can it be said with truth, that the '*continuance* of this system is not chargeable on the slave-holding States'? Who but they are chargeable with it, seeing that, according to the fourth proposition, the State 'governments and the individuals immediately and personally concerned in the system, and they alone, have the *right* to manage and modify it as they choose'? Having this right to manage or modify, they have also the right to abolish slavery, and not only the right, but the power. What but the want of inclination hinders Maryland and Virginia from following the example of New York and Pennsylvania? Although the question cannot be constitutionally agitated in Congress, it may constitutionally be brought forward in the State assemblies. There is nothing, we apprehend, in the Federal Constitution, that prevents the total abolition of slavery by each and every State of the Union, as the act of its own little legislature. What then forbids emancipation? *The determin-*

ation not to emancipate but on the condition of exclusion from the American soil.

Good Elliott Cresson and his friends must pardon us for stopping here to put to them a plain question. Is it the avowed principle of the American Colonization Society and its supporters, as this North American Reviewer asserts, 'that no slave ought to receive his liberty, except on condition of being excluded, not merely from the State which sets him loose, but from the whole country; that is, of being colonized'? Or is this the unauthorized construction which the Reviewer puts upon their proceedings? Had such a sentiment been attributed to them by an enemy, we should have regarded it as an impudent calumny. And as we cannot find that it has been really maintained by the Society, whose plan and object we have been anxious to rescue from unkind misrepresentation, we shall proceed to deal with it as the simple opinion of the Reviewer, who is very clearly a non-abolitionist.

'To come frankly to the point', says this Writer, 'they' (I?) 'hold, that it is not right that men should be free, when their liberty will prove injurious to themselves or others.' We admire the frankness of the declaration, and the impartial comprehensiveness of the proposition, which embraces alike the white and the black, *men* of all colours and all countries. Slaves are of course included—we are glad to find them included—under the term *men*;—but the axiom, if it has any truth, must of course be true of all men whose liberty would be injurious to others. And who is to be the judge of this? The Powers that be. Can this be *Boston* doctrine? So then, the right of men to be free, depends upon the opinion of those in power and authority as to the safety and expediency of trusting them with freedom. If this be the case as regards personal freedom, it must apply *à fortiori* to political freedom, of which Mr. Fox said, that 'when it came to be compared with personal freedom, it sank to nothing, and became no blessing in comparison.' Such doctrine as this would make an American Consul very popular at Madrid, St. Petersburg, or Constantinople. It should be preached to the Poles: it is too late to publish it among the Greeks. Their liberty has, alas! hitherto proved but too injurious to themselves; as did that of our revolted colonists in North America for many years after their undutiful separation from Great Britain. But other doctrines were then in vogue. We heard much of the Rights of Man, from those whose descendants have now discovered that they have no existence; for, if a man has not, as such, a right to personal freedom, not having violated any law or committed any injury, to what can he have a natural right? Yet, it is now maintained, the cant of humanity cloaking the insolence of republican despotism, that it is not right that men should be

free, when their liberty *will* prove injurious to themselves or others. And who are those others? Why those who, being themselves free, are making the most injurious use of their own liberty, by holding their fellow-creatures in bondage. How comes it to be right that *they* should be free?

'As to unqualified emancipation', says the Reviewer, 'they consider individual happiness and individual freedom as subordinate to the public good.' But what is the public good but the aggregate of individual good? The primary object of Government is to *protect* individual happiness and individual freedom; and that Government is radically defective and unjust, which suffers individual freedom and happiness to be infringed upon, on any pretence, except when forfeited by crimes against which society requires to be protected. The public good has been the standing plea of state-craft and priest-craft: heretics have been burned, patriots have been incarcerated, penal laws have been multiplied, all for the public good. It is for the public good that the Colonial Unionists of Jamaica are now endeavouring to drive Christianity out of their island. If the slave may rightfully be held in bondage, he may rightfully be held in ignorance—for the public good. Nay, the public good, the public safety, seems to render it necessary that he should be kept in a state of degradation, in order that he may be at once rendered 'unworthy of freedom' from his ignorance, and reconciled to slavery. If the slave has no right to his personal freedom, what right can he have to instruction—to knowledge—to the privileges of civilized man—to marriage—to all that would humanize and ennoble him, and thereby endanger the public good?

Cases may doubtless occur, in which the happiness of one must be sacrificed for the good of a million; but if the individual happiness and individual freedom of millions may be regarded as subordinate to the public good, where is this to stop? It may be worth while to compare numbers. The total population of the slave-holding States in America, is about five millions and a half, of which 1,820,000 are slaves; so that it would seem, the public good may demand the sacrifice of the individual happiness and freedom of *one third* of a population! This is a new way of securing the greatest happiness of the greatest number, worthy of the freest people and most philosophical government in the world. In Jamaica, the individual happiness and freedom of 331,000 slaves are subordinated to the public good of 15,000 Whites; a happy illustration of the same equitable principle!

By nothing, perhaps, is the true character of slavery more strikingly evinced, than by the pleas of its advocates or palliators, and by the sanctimonious garb in which it is sought to invest the most unprincipled injustice. If the slaves are as happy as some would represent them, why speak of subordinating their indi-

vidual happiness to the public good? But then it is pretended, in the same breath, that the happiness of the slave is consulted and promoted by retaining him in bondage. For thus argues this North-American anti-abolitionist.

‘Why are they (the slave-owners) unwilling to emancipate? Here is a plantation, stocked with a hundred slaves, of which one man was born the proprietor. Why not loose them forthwith, as the abolitionists would advise? To this question, he replies, perhaps, that, as to his own interest, though he is himself the best judge of that, *as he is also of his own rights*’, (And is not the slave to judge of *his* rights?) ‘yet, that is a subordinate point. Setting the public welfare aside, he too must regard the interest of the slave. Circumstances beyond his control have made it a duty which he cannot avoid, to provide for his sustenance and comfort. He looks around him, and observes the effect which emancipation has had upon others. This observation convinces him, that the slave is incapable of taking care of himself. To manumit him, will be to make him a felon or a pauper; and he does not believe that any abstract reasoning whatever upon slavery, or the slave-trade, or the rights of the original African in his own country, can justify him in doing either the one or the other.’

We will suppose this to be urged in all sincerity by a humane and Christian slave-holder, not unwilling to get rid of slaves that have ceased to reproduce what they consume, owing to the exhausted nature of the soil, but conscientiously objecting to sell them, and anxious to prevent their becoming a burden to the community, in consequence of being turned adrift upon society. To such a person, we should say: You appear to misconceive altogether the views and principles of the Emancipationists. They contend not so much for the manumission of the slave, as for the abolition of slavery. They are quite aware, that so long as slavery is tolerated, the benefit of manumission to the individual must, in many cases, be doubtful. The demand for free labour must, under such circumstances, be limited and precarious. The position of the manumitted slave is, therefore, an unnatural and disadvantageous one, if it must involve the forfeiture of employment. And if the slave population itself is redundant, there is the worse chance for the emancipated slaves. Moreover, so long as slavery exists, the free blacks, guilty of the same skin, will share in their social degradation,—will be regarded as outcasts,—and will receive contamination from intercourse with those who remain in bondage. If, then, they become felons or paupers, it is not because they are free, but because all are not so; because the consequences of slavery still cleave to them,—the brand and the mark of the fetters; because society is still their enemy. To the free coloured man in America, all the avenues to honourable distinction are closed; he is not permitted to worship the Father of all, in the same temple as his white fellow-subject; he is still a

pariah in the social system. Though personally free, he is politically enslaved.

Of this state of things, slavery is the originating cause; and it is its continued existence that prevents the improvement which must otherwise rapidly take place in the condition and character of the free coloured population. The total abolition of slavery by the simultaneous emancipation of the whole race, is the only remedy. Gradual abolition is, like most half measures, fraught with far more danger than the decisive expedient of a grand legislative act of justice, which should at once change the character of the relation between the owner and his slaves, yet without necessarily dissolving it; for, in ceasing to be a chattel, the negro would still be a dependent, looking to his employer for subsistence and protection. The experiment has been tried on a sufficiently large scale in Colombia and Mexico, to render all doubt on this point unreasonable.

In the mean time, whether manumission be a benefit or not, if the slave is in a condition to purchase his freedom, he is the best judge of his own interest; and to withhold it on any pretence, or to impose upon him as a condition of manumission, expulsion from his native country, is the height of injustice. Abolitionists have never, however, contended, so far as we are aware, that it is the bounden duty of all Christian slave-owners to anticipate the legislative abolition of slavery, by at once manumitting their own slaves. Not that these have not a complete right to immediate liberty, but they have a right to something more. They have been injured, and they have a right to reparation. If their manumission places them in a worse condition, this is but adding injury to injury. The least reparation which can be made, is to give them that instruction and assistance which shall qualify them to profit by the transition. Let not any slave-holder think, that, by loosing his superfluous slaves, or by turning the whole of his stock adrift upon society, he discharges himself of all further responsibility. He has to give account for his previous treatment of them; nor will their manumission terminate their claims upon his humanity, upon his justice. Manumission may be, on the part of the owner, a magnanimous and beneficent, or a mean, selfish act. Too frequently, there is reason to fear, it has been, in America, the latter. And as the motive, such has been the result. In most of the slave states, 'it is a prevailing sentiment,' we are told, 'that it is not safe to furnish slaves with the means 'of instruction'.'^{*} When these uninstructed slaves are suddenly

^{*} Report of African Education Society, p. 9. The following paragraph appears in the *Liberia Herald*. We will not trust ourselves to comment on it.

‘GEORGIA. We had only time to mention in our last, the passage by
Y Y 2

'loosed' and disbanded, what can be expected, but that they should sink into a state more degraded and more miserable than that of bondage? What then is to be done? The existence of slavery requires the perpetuation of ignorance as a security—a miserable one—against danger; and that ignorance, which disqualifies the slave for freedom, perpetuates slavery. Never will a slave population be trained by slave-owners for liberty. The yoke must be broken, the chain must be snapped; and then the boon of instruction will no longer be withheld. Then, and not till then, will it become a national object to instruct the coloured race, when, from slaves, they shall have risen to the level of subjects.

The Jamaica people are proclaiming this in language that cannot be mistaken. They are telling us, what we have always believed; that Slavery and Christianity are incompatible, Slavery and Education are incompatible, Slavery and Morality are incompatible. They are telling us, that the notion of training up the slaves for emancipation, is chimerical and absurd. They tell us, their slaves shall *not* be instructed; for then they would refuse to remain slaves. While we cannot applaud their resolve, we entirely concur in their reasoning; and had we had any previous doubt on the subject, we should now be completely convinced, that the *first* step to be taken is emancipation, and education the second;—that the only way of dealing with slavery, is immediate, total abolition. We must come to this; and the sooner the better. Orders in Council, we have seen, are only laughed at by the infatuated colonists. Regulation, Melioration, Education—the time is gone by for these. Slavery must be extinguished, definitively and at once, by the Parent Legislature.

the Legislature, of the act to prevent the admission of free persons of colour into the ports of this State. We cannot procure a copy of the bill until its publication. It imposes, however, as we before stated, a quarantine of forty days upon vessels having on board persons of the class referred to; this clause to take effect upon vessels from ports of the United States, in three months; from all other ports, in six months. The act also prohibits all intercourse with such vessels by free persons of colour or slaves, and compels captains of vessels to convey back such persons on board; renders capital the circulation of pamphlets of evil tendency among our domestics; makes penal the teaching of free persons of colour or slaves to read or write; and prohibits the introduction of slaves into this State for sale. It is perhaps proper to state, that the act referred to was passed in its present form, (another having been previously on its passage,) in consequence of a message of Governor Gilmer, on the last day of the session, founded upon a pamphlet of an insidious character, introduced into, and detected in this city, a copy of which was forwarded to the Executive Department. Savannah, Geo.'

'The Americans must legislate as they please; but we have no doubt that the abolition of slavery in the British Islands would make even the Carolinians begin to look about them. In the mean time, we cordially wish success to the Colony of Liberia, and to all plans of non-compulsive colonization, that may at once benefit Africa, and relieve the United States of their black paupers.

We had intended to advert to the other publications mentioned at the head of this article; but our limits forbid. Mr. Jeremie's 'Four Essays' ought long ago to have been brought under the notice of our readers; but we hope that most of our friends have already made themselves acquainted with their contents. If not, we earnestly recommend to their attention his full-length portrait of Colonial Slavery: it is from the life. No wonder that the people of the Mauritius were unwilling to receive Mr. Jeremie as their Attorney-General. The Anti-Slavery Record will be found an interesting summary of the latest intelligence relating to the Colonies; and we hope that it will not be overlooked among the crowd of penny periodicals. From Jamaica papers received to the 1st of August, it appears that the persecution against the Missionaries, instead of abating, becomes every day more general and outrageous. It remains with the first Reformed Parliament to decide, whether Jamaica is henceforth to be governed by the Colonial Union as an independent State, or to be treated as a colony in insurrection against the British Government, which it sets at defiance. 'If,' remarks Mr. Jeremie, 'the British Sovereignty is to be any thing more than a name, has it not a right to protect its own subjects from oppression, not only in its colonies, but throughout the known world;—by force of arms from equal to equal; by legislation where its authority is paramount? The colonies have their charters; but what is there in their charters to prevent Parliament from explaining its own meaning; what, to sever the tie between sovereign and subject; what, to prevent the Legislature's pronouncing that, wherever 'waves the British flag, man shall not murder his fellow?' What to prevent its declaring every subject of the British sceptre henceforth a freeman under the equal protection of the laws, and abolishing slavery for ever?

Art. III. 1. *The Book of Psalms, translated into English Verse, and illustrated with Practical and Explanatory Notes.* By Edward Garrard Marsh, M.A. 8vo. pp. 510. Price 12s. London, 1832.

2. *A Rhyme Version of the "Liturgy" Psalms.* By Henry Gahagan, Esq., M.A. Christ Church, Oxon; Barrister at Law. 12mo. pp. 226. Price 7s. London, 1832.

WE wish that we could compliment Mr. Marsh upon having produced a better metrical translation of the Psalms, than

Bishop Mant, whose volume was noticed in our former Series;* but this Work must, we imagine, be regarded as affording another instance of an author's mistaking the pleasures of composition for success. We can easily conceive that Mr. Marsh has found much pleasure and profit in studying the sacred compositions upon which he has exerted his ingenuity; and he may have so keenly felt the poetic beauty of the originals, as to fancy he had succeeded in transferring it to his own numbers. But we must candidly assure him that he is not a poet; and that whatever merit his Translation may have in other respects, it is sadly deficient in all those felicities of expression and melodious collocations which are usually considered as distinguishing prose from verse. The first requisite in a poetical translator is, a thorough mastery of the art of language, a taste capable of discriminating the shades and colours of words, with an ear that resents a discord. We know not why it should be imagined that the Book of Psalms demands, or deserves, less of poetic taste and genius to be employed upon the translation, than the Odes of Pindar or of Horace; but so it is, the Versifiers of the Psalms have frequently been persons not even aspiring to the character of poets, or, if poets, they have not treated the Psalms as poetry. Our metrical translators of these sublime compositions may be distinguished under four classes: 1. Those who have simply endeavoured to turn the Psalms into metre, for the purposes of Psalmody, adhering as closely as possible to the literal rendering of the Psalter; such as the venerable Thomas Sternhold, John Hopkins, John Milton, and others. 2. Those who have sought to adapt the Psalms of David to Christian worship by free imitations,—as Watts and Montgomery. 3. Those who have paraphrased the Psalms with the intention of illustrating their poetic beauty, but sacrificing to this object the fidelity of translation, and often the true character of the original: Buchanan and Johnston, in their Latin versions, Sandys, Merrick, and other English paraphrasts fall under this class. 4. Those who have aspired to give the Psalms a metrical form, with as much fidelity to the spirit and expressions of the sacred originals as is practicable. Of the very few who come under this last class, small has been the success. Tate and Brady seem to have aimed at this; Sandys is occasionally very close; Montgomery, whenever he chooses, and his purpose allows of it, felicitously so; but Bishop Mant and the present Translator are the only individuals, within our recollection, who have boldly undertaken to render the whole of the one hundred and fifty Psalms into verse, not for psalmody, nor with the freedom of paraphrase, but according to the laws of poetic translation. We should be very sorry that their want of

* Vol. xxiii. p. 1, *et seq.*

success should be taken to prove any thing more than the difficulty of the task, and the necessity of combining with the spirit of devotion a highly cultivated taste, and some measure of poetic genius, in order to do justice to these inspired compositions.

No one, indeed, who brought to it the high qualifications requisite for success, would sit down doggedly to the task of versifying the whole Book of Psalms in their present order, without reference to the internal evidence of their different date, purpose, and authorship. No one who felt their poetic beauties, would think of versifying indiscriminately, and in the same style, the prophetic psalms, the didactic or sententious, the choral and interlocutory, the liturgical, and those of a votive and (if we may so speak) biographical character. Metre is not a thing so arbitrary and inexpressive as those persons are apt to imagine, who regard it as merely a mode of suiting words to different tunes, long measure, common measure, and so forth. Nor is the propriety very obvious, of making the same form of stanza serve for a hallelujah, an elegiac complaint, an ode of triumph, and an acrostic of proverbial axioms. We cannot conceive that Spenser's *Faery Queen* would have lost none of its effect by being written in Hudibrastic couplets, or that Gray's *Odes* would retain their spirit and elegance in the form of heroic verse. If the *cxixth* Psalm must be versified as one connected poem, which it is not, the common metre of Chevy Chase may be as suitable as any other; e. g.

‘ Yearly and daily thee I praise,
And seek to know thy laws.
Yea—let thy hand direct my ways,
For I prefer thy cause.’

We do not, however, perceive what is gained by the laborious ingenuity with which Mr. Marsh has contrived to make four verses successively begin their first and third line with A, then with B, &c., going regularly through the English alphabet, but to the unfair exclusion of Q, X, and Z. The alphabetic or acrostic poems of the Hebrews appear to have been intended to assist the memory, or, perhaps, to prevent any sentence from being lost through the carelessness of a scribe; thus serving, like the string upon which pearls are hung, to supply artificially the want of connexion between the detached sentences of which such poems always consist. The acrostic is a sort of inverted rhyme, for which it is the substitute; but it neither suits the English language, nor can answer any purpose, when rhyme is used, except that of displaying the unprofitable ingenuity of the writer. Its effect is positively displeasing to the English ear; and it must class, therefore, with the winged, heart-shaped, and pyramidical stanzas of Herbert and Quarles, among mere typographical devices. With regard to the ‘common metre’ above referred to, we are far from

denying that it is susceptible of great sweetness and pathos, and it is peculiarly adapted for music; but, in didactic poetry, it is apt to drag heavily,—to degenerate into a monotonous, soporific sing-song; and in narrative, it is execrable. On the other hand, our narrative metre, the only one in which it is possible to tell a story with good effect, the eight-foot Iambic couplet of Gay and Scott, is, from its rapid flow, deficient in dignity, and not easily raised to the higher cast of composition. It is still less adapted for didactic poetry, unless relieved by alternate rhyme, or by the pause of the stanza, and sustained by great terseness and force of expression. It then may be rendered both majestic and melodious, of which some of Dr. Watts's long measure hymns afford happy specimens. For the purpose of music, as well as for devotional expression, our Trochaic couplet is one of the most beautiful of all our lyric measures; and it is susceptible of wonderful variety of effect. Yet it has, till of late, been very little used in psalmody; and we are indebted chiefly to Mr. Montgomery for rescuing it from the disgrace of being fit only for Anacreontic subjects, or the namby-pamby of city pastorals. Even the Monkish Latin hymns, which imitate this measure, might have suggested its appropriateness for sacred lyrical poetry. Mr. Marsh has made no use of it; Bishop Mant, only a very indifferent use. Sandys has frequently employed it, sometimes with very happy and melodious effect; as in his xcii^d Psalm, beginning:

‘Thou, who art enthroned above,
 Thou, by whom we live and move,
 O how sweet and excellent
 ’Tis with tongue and heart’s consent—
 Thankful hearts and joyful tongues,
 To renown thy name in songs:
 When the morning paints the skies,
 When the sparkling stars arise,
 Thy high favours to rehearse,
 Thy firm faith in grateful verse.
 From thy works my joy proceeds:
 How I triumph in thy deeds!
 Who thy wonders can express?
 All thy thoughts are fathomless.’

And again, in his cxlviiith.

‘You who dwell above the skies,
 Free from human miseries;
 You whom highest Heaven embowers,
 Praise the Lord with all your powers.
 Angels, your clear voices raise;
 Him, ye heavenly armies praise;
 Sun, and moon with borrowed light,
 All you sparkling eyes of Night;

Waters hanging in the air ;
Heaven of heavens, his praise declare ;
His deserved praise record,
His, who made you by his word.'

Versification like this, from a Poet of the seventeenth century, is undeserving of the neglect which Sandys has met with. Mr. Montgomery, in his "Christian Poet", has done him justice. 'His Psalms', it is remarked, 'are incomparably the most poetical in the English language ; and yet, they are scarcely known.' They are poetical, too, generally in proportion to the closeness of the version, as is usually the case ; for paraphrase is but lazy translation or meretricious ornament.

But we must proceed to give a few specimens of the Translation in our hands. The following is elegant and close without being servile.

PSALM CXXX.

'To thee, Jehovah, from the deep I cry.
Jehovah, hear my voice ! Incline thine ear
To the sad accents of my misery !
Be not, Jehovah, to our faults severe !
For who can bear thy waken'd scrutiny ?
But thou art gracious. Therefore will I fear.
To thee in patient hope I lift mine eye.
Thy name, Jehovah, to my soul is dear.

'My spirit mourns Jehovah's long delay,
As the spent sentry chides the ling'ring day.
O Israel, in Jehovah trust alone !
For Mercy is the partner of his throne.
Plenteous Redemption marks his gentle sway ;
And he for Israel's trespass will atone.'

The cxxii^d Psalm has often been happily imitated, but the true spirit of the original has not, we think, been more correctly and faithfully illustrated, than in the Author's Translation and Notes. We shall prefix the latter as a suitable introduction.

PSALM CXXII.

'The glory of ancient Jerusalem is commended by the Psalmist, as uniting on various solemn occasions the scattered bands of Israel. This must have been peculiarly felt by David, when he returned to it after his flight from Absalom, and beheld his offending subjects reunited under his sceptre. Accordingly, the unity of civil government is here commemorated in the eighth line, and the unity of religious worship in the sixth and seventh. These were natural sentiments (lines 9—14) of affection, animated by devotional gratitude, on the sight of that capital from which its king had been banished. But the climax of the Psalmist's delight rests on the house of Jehovah.' p. 481.

‘ Glad was the sound, and welcome the command,
 That call’d me to Jehovah’s house once more.
 Again our feet, rejoicing, as before,
 Within thy gates, Jerusalem, shall stand.
 Thy hallow’d bounds unite our scatter’d band :
 For there Jehovah’s tribes his name adore ;
 To Israel there they count his mercies o’er ;
 And David’s thrones are there, to judge the subject land.

‘ Oh, love Jerusalem ! Bless him who calls
 For blessings on her ! Peace be in her walls,
 And plenty in her gorgeous palace-halls !
 Yes. For the love I to my brethren feel,
 For my companions’ love, and for the zeal
 Claim’d by Jehovah’s house, I love to seek thy weal.’

Must we, in fairness, justify our severer strictures by a few specimens that broadly contrast with the above ? We shall only detach a few verses from their connexion as samples.

PSALM XCIV.

‘ Lord, arise !
 Lift, God, thine eyes !
 Mock th’ oppressor’s boast,
 And with glorious
 Arm, victorious,
 Judge thy rebel host !

‘ Lord, what time
 Shall finish crime ?
 Shall his impious rage
 Tremble never,
 But for ever
 Vex thy heritage ?

‘ Widow, guest,
 Alike oppress’d,
 Plead with fruitless claim.
 “ Tush ! God hears not ” —
 Thus he fears not
 To blaspheme thy name.’

Again. Psalm xiv.

‘ How foolish they
 That inly say—
 There is no God in Heav’n,—
 Fall’n from each righteous course away,
 To every baseness giv’n !

* * * *

‘ With deathlike clasp
They, yawning, grasp
Whate’er their teeth may reach.
Their lips are pois’nous, as the asp,
And treach’rous is their speech.’

We take a single stanza from the xxivth, which is almost travestie.

‘ Lift, gates, your heads! Ope, everlasting doors!
The King of glory entrance due explores.
What king of glory comes along?
Jehovah great, Jehovah strong.’

The lxviith begins:

‘ May God pity his people and bless,
And the light of his presence bestow ’—

And not to multiply unnecessarily these unhappy specimens of bad taste, Psalm cxxxv opens thus:

‘ Praise Jah! To praise our God unite,
Jehovah’s serving band,
Ye, who to tread his courts delight,
Or in his temple stand.’

We must not, however, part with Mr. Marsh without giving him the further opportunity of shewing that he can do better. The following is a close and pleasing version of Luther’s favourite

PSALM XLVI.

‘ God is our refuge and our rest,
A refuge to the soul distress’d.
Therefore we will not fear,
Tho’ earth be mov’d, and hills, uptorn,
By whirlwinds to the ocean borne,
Its angry billows rear.

‘ Tho’ mountains with the tempest shake,
There is a stream, that glad shall make
The city of the Lord;
The holy seat of God most high,
Who, while his presence fills the sky,
In Salem is ador’d.

‘ Therefore she shall not be remov’d:
For God will help his own belov’d,
Tho’ heathens spurn his sway.
Should kingdoms to oppose him crowd,
When God shall lift his voice aloud,
All Earth shall melt away.

- ‘ The Lord of Hosts our cause defends.
 The God of Jacob still befriends.
 Come then ! Behold, and trace
 The wonders by Jehovah wrought !
 See, what destruction he hath brought
 On Nature’s beauteous face !
- ‘ At his command proud War shall cease.
 ’Tis he, that sends the joys of peace
 Throughout this earthly frame.
 He snaps the spear ; He breaks the bow,
 And, having rent the car in two,
 Consigns it to the flame.
- ‘ “ Be still then ! Know, that I am God !
 “ Heathens shall fear my sov’reign nod ;
 “ All Earth obey my voice.”
 The Lord of Hosts our cause defends.
 The God of Jacob still befriends
 The objects of his choice.’

Of Mr. Gahagan’s ‘ Rhyme Version ’, we can only say, that we applaud the Author’s modesty, but not the discretion or kindness of his friends ;—that we acquit him of all intention to offend ‘ the pious reader or those curious in Biblical learning ’ ;—that we are glad to find he has derived amusement and instruction from so pure a source as the study of the Psalms ;—but that he has *not* improved upon Sternhold and Hopkins in such rhyming as the following :

- ‘ The Lord is gracious, thanks to him then give,
 And his great mercies do for ever live.’ p. 155.
- ‘ Bring to the Lord, ye mighty, young rams bring,
 Ascribe ye strength to God, his worship sing.’ p. 37.
- ‘ The Lord ’s my shepherd—I his sheep
 Can nothing lack while in his keep.’ p. 29.

We hope that Mr. G. succeeds better as a barrister than as a rhymester : his volume is only waste paper. By the way, Mr. Marsh has not succeeded much better in that exquisite composition, the xxiii^d Psalm.

- ‘ I will Jehovah for my shepherd hail :
 For, while he feeds me, I shall never fail ’, &c.

His entire version of this Psalm is deficient alike in simplicity, closeness, and elegance. Sandys has completely failed ; Addison’s paraphrase is beautiful, but faulty ; Merrick is affected ; Tate’s is, perhaps, one of the best ; but Watts’s xxiii^d will always be the favourite for devotional use.

Scattered through our poetical literature, there are some happy versions of particular Psalms, which, if collected and added to

the best versions that could be selected from the various Authors who have attempted to translate these sacred compositions, would make a far more pleasing and valuable volume than any single Version. We are not speaking of a selection for the purposes of Psalmody. Of such works, we have more than enough; and lamentable it is to see how the Psalms of David are mangled and tortured to force them into singing metres. Take, for instance, Bishop Marsh's Psalm xxix, as it appears in one of the most popular church collections.

‘ The Voice of the Lord the waters controls;
Of glory the God, the thunders he forms:
As willeth Jehovah the mighty sea rolls;
He speaks, and the billows are blackened with storms.
‘ The Voice of the Lord speeds hinds to their throes’, &c. &c.

Mr. Marsh follows to a similar tune: e. g. verse 3:

‘ The voice of Jehovah the tall cedar breaks;
At the voice of Jehovah all Lebanon shakes;
Like heifers the cedars of Lebanon bound,
And, like bullocks, in Sirion they tempest the ground.’

The palpable and almost ludicrous unsuitableness of the metre to the character of the composition, is not the least remarkable feature in these specimens of mistranslation. Watts, in his version of this Psalm is respectable, but tame and flat. Sandys is more spirited:

‘ From a dark and showering cloud,
On the floods that roar aloud,
Hark! his voice with terror breaks:
God, our God in thunder speaks,
Powerful in his Voice on high,
Full of power and majesty.’

Of this Psalm, Bishop Lowth remarks, that ‘ it is enough to say ‘ of it, that the sublimity of the matter is perfectly equalled by ‘ the unaffected energy of the style.’ His Translator, Dr. G. Gregory, has introduced a paraphrase in the same measure as Sandys's more faithful version, but it is overloaded with poetic finery. Nor does any rhyming metre seem to comport with the sublime abruptness of the style, the verbal iterations, the recitative character of this elevated piece of descriptive poetry, which has seemed to us more naturally to fall into blank verse. We dare not hope that we have succeeded in the following version, but we have at least avoided the grosser improprieties of former translators.

Give, O ye mighty, to Jehovah give
Glory: to Him ascribe all power and might.

O render to the Lord the glory due
 To his dread name : his courts with reverence tread.
 Jehovah's voice is on the waters. Lo !
 The God of glory thundereth : 'tis *His* voice
 Upon the mighty deep,—his voice of power,
 Jehovah's voice of awful majesty.
 Before Jehovah's voice the cedars break :
 It shivereth the pride of Lebanon.
 Affrighted Lebanon bounds at that voice,
 Like a wild heifer : loftiest Sirion
 Plunges and starts like a young buffalo.
 Jehovah's voice, scattering the forked flames,
 Jehovah's voice shakes the wide wilderness,
 Uproots the oak, and lays the forest bare.
 For lo ! the firmament *His* temple is,
 Where all things utter forth *His* glorious name.
 His throne is on the stormy deep. He reigns,
 The Universal King,—for ever reigns.
 His people mid the warring elements
 Are safe. The Lord will give *His* people peace.

Unaffectedly, we say that we are not satisfied with this attempt ; and yet we think it may, like a rude etching, give some idea of the poetic spirit of the sublime original. During the many years that the Psalms have occupied a portion of our *horæ subsecivæ*, we have occasionally endeavoured to give to those which have appeared to us susceptible of metrical translation, that shape and dress which, after the most attentive study of their specific character, seemed to be most in harmony with the sentiments and structure of the composition. A few specimens, we have found occasion to lay before our readers : * how far they have proved acceptable, we have no means of ascertaining ; but we are well aware how few persons, comparatively, take any interest in the Psalms as poetry, and how large a proportion of pious persons consider any deviations from the Bible Version and Dr. Watts, or from the Liturgy Psalms and Sternhold and Hopkins, as sacrilegious innovations. To most lovers of poetry, on the other hand, the word psalm is a stumbling-block and an offence. Will they permit us to invite their attention to a Hebrew Melody—an ode descriptive of the spring, written some thousands of years ago by a Syrian monarch of devout character, but of poetic genius far surpassing that of the Persian Hafiz or the Teian Bard. The ode is inscribed to the Deity,—the Jehovah of the Jewish nation.

* For Psal. xix, viii, lxviii, see *Ecler. Rev. 2d Series, Vol. XXIII.* pp. 11—21 ; Psal. l. *Ib.* Vol. XXVI. p. 502 ; Psal. xlv, lxxiii, xlii—iii, *Ecler. Rev. 3d Series, Vol. VI.* pp. 155—165.

TE DECET HYMNUS.

I.

Praise on Thee, in Zion-gates,
Daily, O Jehovah! waits.
Unto Thee, O God, belong
Grateful vows and holy song.
Unto Thee who hearest prayer,
Shall the tribes of men repair.
Though with conscious guilt oppressed,
On Thy mercy still I rest.
Thy forgiving love display!
Take, O Lord! our sins away.

II.

Oh, how blessed their reward,
Chosen servants of the Lord,
Who within Thy courts abide,
With Thy goodness satisfied.
Dear the sacred joys that spring
From the service of our King.
But how dire Thy judgements fell,
Saviour of thine Israel,
When Thy people's cry arose,
On their proud and impious foes!

III.

Thou the hope and refuge art,
Of remotest lands apart;
Distant isles and tribes unknown,
Mid the ocean waste and lone.
By Thy boundless might set fast,
Rise the mountains firm and vast.
Thou canst with a word assuage
Ocean's wild and deafening rage,
Sounding like the tumult rude
Of a maddened multitude.
When Thy signs in heaven appear,
Earth's remotest regions fear;
And the bounties of Thy hand
Fill with gladness every land;—
Those who first the morn descry;
Those beneath the western sky.

IV.

Thou dost visit Earth, and rain
Blessings on the thirsty plain,
From the copious founts on high,
From the rivers of the sky.
When Thou hast prepared the soil
For the sower's hopeful toil,

Then again the heavens distil
 Blessings on each terraced hill,
 Whence the gathering waters flow
 To the trenched plains below.
 Softened by the genial showers,
 Earth with plenty teems ; and flowers,
 Types of promised good, appear.
 Thus Thy goodness crowns the year.
 Thus the clouds Thy power confess,
 And Thy paths drop fruitfulness ;—
 Drop upon the pastoral plain,
 And the desert smiles again ;
 And the hills with plenty crown'd,
 Are with gladness girt around.
 White with flocks the downs are seen ;
 Cultured vales with corn are green ;
 And the voice of song and mirth
 Rises from the tribes of Earth.

Art. IV. *The Life of Andrew Marvell, the celebrated Patriot : with Extracts and Selections from his Prose and Poetical Works.* By John Dove. 12mo. pp. 116. Price 2s. 6d. London, 1832.

ANDREW MARVELL is a name that has come down to us associated with traditional veneration, as that of an incorruptible patriot, an accomplished scholar, a wit, polemic, and poet, the friend of Milton, himself eulogized by Sheffield (Duke of Buckingham), by Churchill, and by Mason, most fortunate and honoured in his life, and bewailed, at his death, as a public loss : and yet, of this extraordinary person, no satisfactory biographical memorial exists ; and his name survives in history, rather than in our literature. His works consist, for the most part, of fugitive pieces and tracts of temporary interest, never collected during his life-time, and now almost unknown. In fact, his name has preserved his writings, rather than his writings his name. He wrote for his age, rather than for posterity ; but the high example he has bequeathed, is a more valuable legacy than half the works of Johnson's Poets. In a venal age, he was proof against corruption ; though poor, he maintained his independence, and, what was more, while so many were changing sides around him, his consistency ; and his wit and humour, which might have rendered him the favourite of the court, were zealously dedicated to the cause of patriotism and civil freedom. Bp. Burnet, who knew, or affects to have known, every body, and whose amusing history is a gallery of living characters, speaks of Marvell slightly, yet bears testimony to the cleverness and effectiveness of his writings. Speaking of Bp. Parker, whom he characterizes as ' full of satirical vivacity, and considerably

'learned, but a man of no judgement and of as little virtue, and, as to religion, rather impious', he adds: 'After he (Parker) had for some years entertained the nation with several virulent books, writ with much life, he was attacked by *the liveliest droll of the age*, who writ in a burlesque strain, but with so peculiar and so entertaining a conduct, that, from the king down to the tradesman, his books were read with pleasure. That not only humbled Parker, but the whole party; for the Author of "*The Rehearsal Transposed*" had all the men of wit (or, as the French phrase it, all the laughs) on his side.' Rarely has a Reply been so successful in annihilating the work that provoked it. Dean Swift, who devoted similar powers of caustic wit to a worse purpose, remarks of this work: 'We still read Marvell's answer to Parker with pleasure, though the book it answers be sunk long ago.' But it is read no longer. Wit loses its flavour when it is not drunk new. Some curiosity, however, may be felt, to know, from a few specimens, what was the style of 'refined buffoonery' which so delighted the age, and by which Marvell drove out of the field the bitter and unprincipled renegade, who, writhing under the lash he had provoked, appealed to the Government to 'crush with the secular arm, the pestilent wit, the servant of Cromwell and the friend of Milton.' The few specimens in this little volume will therefore prove acceptable; and will probably excite in most readers a desire to see more. Marvell's entire works, however, are not worth republishing—any more than Swift's, who has been more fortunate, or less so, in having all his rubbish collected in evidence of the criminal abuse he made of his talents;—or than Defoe's, a man of greater genius, perhaps, than either, though with less of the old Roman in his character than Marvell, and to whom has at length been rendered the tardy justice of a biographical monument. The Author of *Robinson Crusoe* could never indeed have been forgotten; yet, but for that exquisite romance, the name of one of the most voluminous and powerful writers of his age would by this time have survived only in the *Dunciad*. A well edited selection of Marvell's writings, with a memoir by a competent biographer, might even now be worth publishing. In the mean time, Mr. Dove's modest performance may serve the purpose of making the reader better acquainted with the life and character of this not too celebrated Patriot.

Andrew Marvell was born at Kingston upon Hull, Nov. 15, 1620. His father was Master of the Grammar School and Lecturer of Trinity Church in that town. Fuller speaks of him as an excellent preacher, who 'never broached what he had new-brewed, but preached what he had studied some competent time before.' Echard styles him, 'the facetious Calvinistical minister of Hull.' He was drowned in crossing the Humber in rough weather. At

the age of fifteen, Marvell was sent to Trinity College, Cambridge; but he appears to have left the university shortly after the death of his father, or in 1641, without taking any degree; and to have joined Milton in Italy, or to have met him there. He spent four years abroad, in Holland, France, Italy, and Spain, 'to very good purpose and the gaining of those four languages.' He subsequently resided for some time with General Fairfax's family, being 'intrusted to give some instructions in the languages to the lady his daughter.' In 1653, he was selected by Cromwell to be tutor to his nephew, Mr. Dutton; and in 1657, he was appointed Assistant Latin Secretary to the Protector, under Milton. The affectionate veneration which he cherished for his illustrious and 'honoured friend', is a pleasing trait in Marvell's character. After the Restoration, when reproached by Parker with being the 'friend of Milton', he thus replies to the charge.

"J. M. was, and is, a man of great learning, and sharpness of wit, as any man. It was his misfortune, living in a tumultuous time, to be tossed on the *wrong* side, and he writ, *flagrante bello*, certain dangerous treatises. But some of his books, upon which you take him at advantage, were of no other nature than one writ by your own father; only with this difference, that your father's, which I have by me, was written with the same design, but with much less wit or judgement. On his Majesty's return, J. M. did partake, even as you yourself did, for all your huffing, of his royal clemency, and has ever since expatriated himself in a retired silence. Whether it were my foresight, or my good fortune, I never contracted any friendship or confidence with you; but then, it was, you frequented J. M. incessantly, and haunted his house day by day. What discourses you there used, *he is too generous to remember.*" pp. 48, 9.

Marvell was among the few friends who frequently visited the great Poet when secreted through fear of his enemies; and the present Writer conjectures, not improbably, that the humour of Marvell might contrive the mock funeral of Milton, which is reported to have duped his persecutors into a belief of his death. Marvell's spirited lines on *Paradise Lost*, now prefixed to all editions, are an interesting memorial of a friendship honourable to both.

In 1660, Marvell was returned by his native town to the new Parliament, or Convention, which ushered in the Restoration; and to this circumstance he probably owed the immunity, and even favour, which he enjoyed under the restored Government, notwithstanding his having held office under the Protector. He was again returned, in December of the same year, as a member of the king's first parliament, and a third time to the parliament of 1661. Prudence might induce him afterwards to absent himself from the House and the country, during the disgraceful

scenes that ensued ; for, from the middle of 1661 to April 1663, he appears to have resided on the Continent. His absence at length led the High-Steward of Hull, Lord Bellasis, to give directions to the corporation to elect a new member, in case of their burgess not appearing in his seat in parliament. At the call of his constituents, Marvell returned, and resumed his seat ; but three months after, he accepted the offer of Lord Carlisle, who had been appointed ambassador extraordinary to Muscovy, Sweden, and Denmark, to attend his lordship as secretary. This voyage, he tells his constituents, he undertook 'with the order and good-liking of His Majesty, and by leave given from the House, and entered in the journal.' The embassy occupied nearly two years ; after which we find Marvell attending the parliament in Oxford, in 1665. From that time to 1678, he appears to have devoted himself with the most exemplary assiduity to his parliamentary duties as member of the House of Commons, keeping up a constant correspondence by letter with his constituents at Hull. The following notice appears in one of his letters, dated March 3, 1667.

“ Sir Harbottle Grimston, Master of the Rolls, moved for a bill to be brought in, to indemnify all Countyes, Cityes, and *Burrows*, for the *Wages* due to their Members for the time past ; which was introduced by him upon very good reason, both because of the poverty of many people not being able to supply so long an arreare, especially new taxes now coming upon them ; and also, because Sir John Shaw, the Recorder of Colchester, *had sued the town for his Wages* ; several other Members also having, it seems, threatened their *Burrows* to do the same, unless they should *chuse them upon another election* to Parliament. This day had been appointed for grievances : but, it being grown near two o'clock, and the day being, indeed, extraordinary cold, to which *the breaking of one of the House windows contributed*, it was put off till next Tuesday.” pp. 31, 32.

The 'wages' were, for a burgess, two shillings a day, and for a knight of the shire, four shillings. And in ancient times, there were instances in which boroughs petitioned to be excused from sending members to parliament, as being unable to bear such an extraordinary expense ! Marvell is supposed to have been the last representative that received wages from his constituents,—the very last, probably, that contrived to make them pay for his dinners. The story of his refusing 1000*l.* from Lord Treasurer Danby, at a time that he was at his last guinea, is told with variations ; but there is no reason to doubt its substantial authenticity. Although he is not known to have spoken in parliament, he obtained a considerable influence by his weight of character, talent, and indefatigable attention to parliamentary business. After he had become obnoxious to the Court party, Prince Rupert, it is said, would frequently visit him privately in his

lodgings: 'so that, whenever His Royal Highness voted on the 'side of Marvell, which he often did, it was the observation of 'the adverse faction, that "he had been with his tutor."'

In 1672, Marvell first entered the lists with Parker. In 1675, he took up his pen in reply to an attack made upon Bishop Croft's 'Naked Truth.' He was also the author of various valuable political tracts and *facetiae*. For his last production, "An Account of the Growth of Popery and Arbitrary Government in England," printed in 1678, he was threatened by the Court with prosecution, a reward being offered for the discovery of the writer; and it is even supposed to have cost him his life, which was thought to have been shortened by poison. He died on the 16th of August in the same year, in the 59th year of his age, and in the full vigour of his constitution; and there must have been some ground for the suspicion to which the Duke of Buckingham refers, when he says:

—'We with deep sorrows wail his loss:
But whether fate or art untwined his thread,
Remains in doubt. Fame's lasting register
Shall leave his name enroll'd, as great as those
Who at Philippi for their country bled.'

Marvell was buried in the Church of St. Giles in the Fields, at the expense of the Corporation of that town which he had so long and faithfully represented. We know not on what authority it is stated, that the rector of the parish refused to suffer a monument to his memory to be placed within the walls of the church.

The first edition of Marvell's Poems is posthumous, and was published in folio, in 1681, by a bookseller who bought his manuscripts from the woman in whose house Marvell lodged, and who is made to certify their authenticity in the advertisement prefixed to them, in the assumed character of his widow. Marvell was never married; and 'the cheat was soon detected.' As these poems were not left by Marvell for publication, but merely found among his papers, it is impossible to determine whether he was the actual author of all the compositions ascribed to him. That he was a poet of no contemptible talents, his Lines on Paradise Lost evince; but nothing is more likely than that he should have copied into his common-place book, many productions which pleased him, by different authors. The best edition of his poems is that published by Thomas Davies, in 2 vols 12mo., in the year 1726. His political and controversial works had never been collected, when, in 1765, Mr. Thomas Hollis projected a complete edition of Marvell's Works; and proposals were issued for the purpose by Andrew Miller, the Bookseller; but the scheme was abandoned. Ten years afterwards, however, Captain Edward

Thompson of Hull, a very zealous liberal of his day, but not very peculiarly fitted for the literary task he undertook, published "The Works of Andrew Marvell, Esq. with a new Life," in 3 vols 4to. In the Preface, the worthy Editor acknowledges his obligations to Mr. Brande Hollis, who had obligingly sent to him all 'the manuscripts and scarce tracts,' collected for the edition projected in 1675. 'Since the death of Mr. Thomas Hollis,' he says, 'I have been favoured by his successor with many anecdotes, manuscripts, and scarce compositions of our Author, such as I was unable to procure elsewhere; and by the attention and friendship of Mr. Thomas Raikes, I have been put in possession of a volume of Mr. Marvell's poems, some written by his own hand, and the rest copied by his order. This valuable acquisition was many years in the care of Mr. Nettleton.' This gentleman must have been one of Marvell's great-nephews, a son of Robert Nettleton, alderman of Hull, who married his niece. That the volume belonged to Marvell, may therefore be considered as not doubtful; but that its contents were his own authorship, is not so clear. Could this be established, it would prove him to have been the author of some of the most beautiful hymns in the language. Among others, the exquisite one inserted in No. 453 of the *Spectator*, and attributed to Addison, beginning,

'When all thy mercies, O my God,'

appears with the title of, 'A paraphrase of David's Hymn on Gratitude.' This is followed by the Paraphrase of Psalm cxiv, inserted in No. 461, beginning,

'When Israel freed from Pharaoh's hand;'

but which appears in the *Spectator* as the contribution of a different correspondent. In the same manuscript volume, are contained Addison's paraphrase of the xixth Psalm, 'William and Margaret,' and other poems ascribed to different authors. The fact, we suspect to be this. The volume is a collection of poems begun by Marvell, and continued by the person into whose hands it fell after his decease; and the poems in question were transcribed from the *Spectator* as the Numbers containing them appeared. We never saw the long controversy which appeared on the subject in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, to which Mr. Dove refers; but the internal evidence is almost sufficient to disprove their being Marvell's productions, or the productions of his age. As undoubted specimens of Marvell's poetry, Mr. Montgomery has inserted in his "Christian Poet," 'The Emigrants,' and 'Eyes and Tears,' both of which will be found in the present volume. We regret that, as to several others, we cannot help having strong doubts whether they are justly ascribed to him. It must surely have been in his juvenile days, if the poem be really his,

that Marvell addressed 'to his coy mistress,' the quaint and unequal lines, not quite unworthy of Cowley, in which we are surprised with the following striking thought:

'But at my back I always hear
Time's winged chariot hurrying near:
And yonder all before us lie
Deserts of vast eternity.'

'The Character of Holland' is more likely to have proceeded from Marvell's satirical pen:—

'Holland, that scarce deserves the name of land,
As but th' off-scouring of the British sand.'

The allusions indicate that it was written during the Protectorate. We wish that we had sufficient authority for assigning to our Author the 'Dialogue between the Resolved Soul and 'created Pleasure'; but the versification seems much too polished, the turns of thought too delicate, and the whole is in too pure a taste for Marvell's day: it must, we think, be of later date. It is given in Thompson's edition of the Works, but, we presume, does not appear in the folio edition of the Poems. It is by far the most beautiful of all the specimens selected by Mr. Dove; and, as it may be new to many of our readers, we shall indulge ourselves in extracting it.

'A DIALOGUE BETWEEN THE RESOLVED SOUL, AND CREATED PLEASURE.

'Courage, my soul, now learn to wield
The weight of thine immortal shield.
Close on thy head thy helmet bright;
Balance thy sword against the fight.
See where an army, strong as fair,
With silken banners spread the air.
Now, if thou be'st that thing divine,
In this day's combat let it shine;
And shew that nature wants an art
To conquer one resolved heart.

'PLEASURE.

'Welcome the creation's guest,
Lord of earth, and heaven's heir;
Lay aside that warlike crest,
And of nature's banquet share:
Where the souls of fruits and flowers
Stand prepar'd to heighten yours.

'SOUL.

'I sup above, and cannot stay,
To bait so long upon the way.

‘ PLEASURE.

‘ On these downy pillows lie,
Whose soft plumes will thither fly :
On these roses, strew’d so plain,
Lest one leaf thy side should strain.

‘ SOUL.

‘ My gentle rest is on a thought,
Conscious of doing what I ought.

‘ PLEASURE.

‘ If thou be’st with perfumes pleas’d,
Such as oft the Gods appeas’d,
Thou in fragrant clouds shalt show,
Like another God below.

‘ SOUL.

‘ A soul that knows not to presume,
Is heaven’s, and its own, perfume.

‘ PLEASURE.

‘ Every thing does seem to vie
Which should first attract thine eye :
But, since none deserves that grace,
In this crystal view thy face.

‘ SOUL.

‘ When the Creator’s skill is priz’d,
The rest is all but earth disguis’d.

‘ PLEASURE.

‘ Hark how music then prepares,
For thy stay, these charming airs ;
Which the posting winds recall,
And suspend the river’s fall.

‘ SOUL.

‘ Had I but any time to lose,
On this I would it all dispose.
Cease tempter. None can chain a mind
Whom this sweet cordage cannot bind.

‘ CHORUS.

‘ Earth cannot shew so brave a sight,
As when a single soul does fence
The batt’ry of alluring sense ;
And heaven views it with delight.
Then persevere ; for still new charges sound ;
And, if thou overcom’st, thou shalt be crown’d.

‘ PLEASURE.

‘ All that’s costly, fair, and sweet,
Which scatteringly doth shine,
Shall within one beauty meet,
And she be only thine.

‘ SOUL.

‘ If things of sight such heavens be,
What heavens are those we cannot see ?

‘ PLEASURE.

‘ Wheresoe’er thy foot shall go,
The minted gold shall lie ;
Till thou purchase all below,
And want new worlds to buy.

‘ SOUL.

‘ Wer’t not for price, who’d value gold ?
And that’s worth nought that can be sold.

‘ PLEASURE.

‘ Wilt thou all the glory have
That war or peace commend ?
Half the world shall be thy slave,
The other half thy friend.

‘ SOUL.

‘ What friends, if to myself untrue ?
What slaves, unless I captive you ?

‘ PLEASURE.

‘ Thou shalt know each hidden cause ;
And see the future time :
Try what depth the centre draws ;
And then to heaven climb.

‘ SOUL.

‘ None thither mounts by the degree
Of knowledge, but humility.

‘ CHORUS.

‘ Triumph, triumph, victorious soul !
The world has not one pleasure more :
The rest does lie beyond the pole,
And is thine everlasting store.’

Marvell might occasionally trifle in poetry ; but, in his prose writings, he appears in his native vigour of character as the indignant satirist and the intrepid advocate of freedom. In the

'Rehearsal Transposed,' appears the following ironical lament on the 'doleful evils' of the press, which must serve as a sufficient specimen.

"The press hath owed him (Parker) a shame a long time, and is but now beginning to pay off the debt. The *press* (that villanous engine) invented much about the same time with the Reformation, hath done more mischief to the discipline of our Church than the doctrine can make amends for. It was a happy time, when all learning was in manuscript, and some little officer, like our author, did keep the keys of the library; when the clergy needed no more knowledge than to read the liturgy, and the laity no more clerkship than to save them from hanging. But now, since printing came into the world, such is the mischief, that a man cannot write a book, but presently he is answered. Could the press but at once be conjured to obey only an *imprimatur*, our author might not disdain, perhaps, to be one of its most zealous patrons. There have been wayes found out to banish ministers, to find not only the people, but even the grounds and fields where they assembled in conventicles; but no art yet could prevent these seditious meetings of letters. Two or three *brawny* fellows in a corner, with meer ink and elbow grease, do more harm than a hundred systematical divines, with their sweaty preaching. And, what is a strange thing, the very sponges, which one would think should rather deface and blot out the whole book, and were anciently used for that purpose, are become now the instruments to make them legible. Their ugly printing letters, which look but like so many rotten tooth-drawers; and yet these rascally operators of the press have got a trick to fasten them again in a few minutes, that they grow as firm a set, and as biting and talkative as ever. O, printing! how hast thou disturbed the peace of mankind! That lead, when moulded into *bullets*, is not so mortal as when formed into *letters*! There was a mistake, sure, in the story of *Cadmus*; and the serpent's teeth which he sowed, were nothing else but the letters which he invented. The first essay that was made towards this art, was in single characters upon iron, where-with, of old, they stigmatized slaves and remarkable offenders; and it was of good use, sometimes, to brand a schismatic; but a bulky Dutchman diverted it quite from its first institution, and contriving those innumerable *syntagmes* of alphabets, hath pestered the world ever since, with the gross bodies of their German divinity. One would have thought in reason, that a Dutchman might have contented himself only with the wine-press." pp. 45, 46.

We have been led into writing too long an article for so small a book, but the subject must be our apology; and we have to thank Mr. Dove for the opportunity of dwelling upon the character of Andrew Marvell.

Art. V. *The Christian Warfare illustrated.* By the Rev. Robert Vaughan. 8vo. pp. 410. Price 10s. 6d. London, 1832.

ALTHOUGH it is not announced in the title-page, our readers will probably be aware that the Author of this volume is the Biographer of Wycliffe, to whose pen the public are indebted also for the Memorials of the Stuart Dynasty. It is not always that laborious literary pursuits, honourable as they may be in themselves and valuable in their results, have been combined, in the Christian minister, with spirituality of mind, active zeal, and pastoral fidelity. The volume before us will shew, however, that they are not incompatible;—that secular studies do not necessarily unfit the mind for the functions of the sacred office;—that they may not only be subordinated, but rendered subservient to the proper business of a Christian pastor. We do not imagine that Mr. Vaughan has had any idea, in putting forth this volume, of vindicating himself from the possible suspicion of his being exclusively devoted to literature or supremely anxious for literary fame. But it is adapted to render the reputation he has acquired by his former writings still more creditable, by shewing that they have not had the effect of *secularizing* his mind, of alienating him from the humbler yet higher avocations of the pulpit, or of diverting the flow of his affections from their proper consecrated channel.

And we think we can perceive in the style of these theological compositions, one advantageous effect of his literary labours. They are remarkably free from the *provincialisms* of any theological school, although there is no appearance of any effort to deviate from customary phraseology. How is it that laymen are generally the best religious writers, the most lucid, natural, and popular? Chiefly, we imagine, because they have learned to think and to write in the language of general literature and social intercourse, before they have taken up their theological theme. Whereas the Christian church is both internally distinguished, and in some measure separated from “those without,” by a variety of dialects, each harsh and obscure to all but those who speak it; and hence in some degree originate the shibboleths and sibboleths, the logomachies, and the mutual prejudices which divide the various schools and sections of the religious world. There is nothing so musical to some ears as a brogue; and from the same cause, perhaps,—early association,—persons are apt to become attached to the improprieties of a technical and deformed phraseology. In all ages too, and among men of all religions, there has been discovered a strong propensity to invest religion with a sacred language removed from vulgar discourse, and forbidden to all but the priests. The Sanscrit of the Brahmins, the Koran Arabic of the Moslem, the Latin of the Romish

Church, the Greek of the Slavonic churches, are each, to the vulgar of the respective communities, a veil to seclude the arcana of truth from their profane survey. The same disposition to worship the symbols of Truth, rather than Truth itself, to reverence the letter above the spirit, may be detected in the refinements of metaphysical theology and the scholastic jargon, which as effectually concealed religious truth from the uninitiated as an unknown tongue. Now human nature is still every where the same, and every general propensity is likely to manifest itself, with more or less subtlety, under all the modifications of society. Is it not, then, a possible case, that, even among Protestants, who abhor the idea of imprisoning Truth in a dead language, and who acknowledge the duty of publishing it to all, there may yet survive an unconscious fondness for a sacred dialect, of artificial construction, in which religious ideas become invested with a solemn obscurity and mystic force to the devout, while they are locked up from the rude understandings of the many?

But the technicalities of religious phraseology, so offensive, and often so little short of incomprehensible to men of the world, while openly defended by many, are, by the greater part of those who speak the language of theology as the native medium of their thoughts, not perceived to be such. From early training, from the habit of reading books, and hearing sermons and religious conversation in the artificial phraseology which has become appropriated to religious ideas, ministers brought up within the happy but confined circle of their own connexions, and passing from the seclusion of the academy to the pulpit, are little aware that they have acquired a style of speaking and writing broadly distinguished from that of the times in which they live, and from the common medium of society. The study of the divines of the sixteenth century, so beneficial and indispensable to the young academic, so profitable to all, is necessarily attended with some disadvantage, if they are used as models of composition, and as authorities for phraseology. There is a charm in their pithiness, and quaintness, and antithesis, and wit; in their antiquated diction, once as familiar and vernacular as that which has now succeeded to it in common life; in that phraseology which was the costume of mind in past ages, but the assumption of which would now be ridiculous. It is not, however, by conversing with the dead, that we learn how to make ourselves best understood by the living. We must often learn in one language, what we must impart in another. We have to learn in the schools of the prophets, what we have to expound to the world. We may study at the feet of Gamaliel, but we have to preach at Areopagus and in the market-place. That men should not understand one another's speech, was the curse inflicted at Babel; but, while some may glory in speaking an unknown tongue, the

effect of the Pentecostal effusion was, that every man heard the truth proclaimed in *his own* language.

These remarks may possibly appear to some of our readers a little irrelevant or uncalled for; but they have been suggested by the remarkable contrast that Mr. Vaughan's natural, chaste, and perspicuous diction in the present volume, forms* to the broad dialects of sectarian theology. We do not refer merely to our contemporary theological literature, such as it is, but to the mass of religious publications which are continually being reprinted. There prevails just now a rage for reprinting the works of our older divines, not in library editions, for the use of the student, but in a cheap and popular form for circulation among all classes. We have two religious bookselling societies vying with each other in reviving the quaint divinity of other days. Of the style and phraseology sometimes to be met with in such works, we shall venture to give a specimen or two.

'O sirs, do not you remember that Lazarus did not fret nor fume because Dives had robes for his rags, and delicacies for his scraps? for he well knew that though he was *sine domo*, yet not *sine domino*. . . . A man were better to have a serpent tumbling up and down in his bowels, than to have envy gnawing in his soul.'

Brooks's Ark for God's Noahs, p. 67.

'When Jacob was all alone, and in a dark night, and upon one leg, and when his joints were out of joint, and he very much over-matched, yet then he holds God fast; he wrestles and weeps, and weeps and wrestles; he tugs and sweats, and sweats and tugs; and will not let go his hold, till, like a prince, he had prevailed with God.' *Ib.* p. 146.

The grossness and impropriety of these passages will at once startle our readers; but is the following language better adapted for the popular communication of religious knowledge?

'Before I proceed to the next distribution of Christ's righteousness, I would observe three things concerning his obedience to these laws. 1. He performed that obedience to them which was in every way perfect. It was perfect with respect to the principle from which he obeyed: this was wholly right; there was no corruption in his heart. It was perfect with respect to the *ends* he acted for; for he never had any by-ends The second distribution of the acts of Christ's obedience is with respect to the different *parts* of his life wherein they were performed.' &c. *Edwards's Hist. of Redemption*, p. 214.

We could easily multiply specimens, but it would be invidious. Our object is, not to depreciate the intrinsic value of such works, many of which may deservedly rank among the classics of theology, but to shew that, like other ancient classics, they require translation to suit them to unlearned readers. Even Howe, Owen, Gurnall, and Flavel, and other masters of our Israel, whose works never ought to be missing from a minister's library, are not

writers for the multitude, gentle or simple, polite or rude; and although we may deem theirs the very mother tongue of Theology, it is a foreign idiom to the present times.

The sermons and religious writings of the day are not, however, chargeable with the quaintness and uncouthness of the older divines. The prevailing character is a fluent and inoffensive mediocrity. Still, it is technical. The preacher or writer lives in a little circle of his own, the dialect of which he speaks; and he is not aware how obscure is his language to those of another section of society. It is true, he may mix with other men, and converse with them, and be understood by them; but then religion is not the subject of their communication, and he speaks a common language. But his religious discourse is in another idiom. If he should find himself not understood, he has at hand a self-soothing explanation of the phenomenon: 'The natural man understandeth not the things of the Spirit of God:—they are spiritually discerned.' But surely there is a wide difference between not understanding *things*, which must be grasped by the moral perception, and not understanding *words*, which appeal to the rational faculties,—between not perceiving the truth of a proposition and not understanding its terms. No doubt, the state of men's hearts is the main cause of their not understanding and not believing the Gospel; but, knowing this, we are bound to be the more careful that nothing extraneous to the Gospel itself, no obscurity or offensive peculiarity in the manner of stating its truths, shall contribute to hinder its being intelligently perceived and embraced.

With regard to preachers, however, there is this difficulty attending the attempt to speak in any but the authorized terms and phrases of the sacred language; that, to a large part of their congregation it may be, the latter has become the most familiar and intelligible, or, at least, the most impressive medium. They *think* they understand what is said to them in certain hallowed phrases; and they must be, and ought to be, taught, admonished, or consoled, in the style which will best fix their attention, and come home to their hearts. Yet, it might be profitable to present to them occasionally the same sentiment in both idioms; the technical and the popular or conventional. In order to this, a minister must learn in his study, to translate his own ideas into secular phraseology; must acquaint himself with other idioms of thought than his own; must accustom himself to other sorts of composition than sermon-writing; must cultivate literature, not for its own sake, but for its effect in enriching the mind, and as a means of polishing those intellectual weapons which are to be consecrated to the service of Divine Truth.

But we must not pursue the subject. If Mr. Vaughan's matter were not as intrinsically excellent as his style is chaste and pleas-

ing, we should, after all, have little cause to compliment him upon his success. But what has struck us as the marked merit of the present volume, is, that it treats of those doctrines which are in themselves the most offensive to the irreligious, and the most unintelligible,—doctrines connected with the spiritual life, the inward warfare, and all that belongs to what is quaintly denominated experimental religion,—in language against which no one can take exception, and which can scarcely fail to be understood. It is a volume which may with confidence be put into the hands of a person unaccustomed to religious reading, without any risk of his requiring a glossary, and with a tolerable certainty that, if he quarrels with the Author, it will not be on account of the cut of his coat, the twang in his tone, the cant of his expressions, but simply for what he holds and teaches. To religious readers, the truly pastoral instruction contained in these chapters, must render the volume alike interesting and profitable.

The Work is divided into sixteen chapters. The first three, which may be regarded as introductory to the main subject, treat of the cardinal doctrines of Human Depravity, Justification, and Spiritual Influences. Chap. IV. to XVI. illustrate the Christian Warfare as connected with—Believing; Repentance; Private Devotion; Public Duty; Persecution; Religious Declension; Despondency; Occupation; Retirement; Prosperity; Adversity; the Fear of Death. The Concluding Chapter is on the ‘Claims of the Christian Warfare.’ The general design of the Author has been, to illustrate the effects of Christianity upon the minds of its disciples, considered in the leading diversities of their character and circumstances; to distinguish between the real effects of the Gospel, and those improperly attributed to it; and to shew, that the acknowledged imperfections of Christians furnish no valid objection against their holy religion. ‘Their defects are in a process of removal; and their attainments have in them the seeds of a moral excellence which the future alone can fully develop’

Having given this outline of the Author’s plan, we need only select a few extracts to shew with what discrimination, fidelity, and correctness of sentiment, the various branches of Christian duty and experience are illustrated. And first, we must select the concluding paragraphs of the chapter on Spiritual Influences.

‘Such then, according to the Scriptures, are the spiritual influences by which the human mind is affected in the present world. Man is a being in whose fate the whole intelligent universe is concerned. The rebellious would have him continue a party to their treason. The obedient would see him recovered to their own state of allegiance and blessedness. And there is war between them on his account. But so

great is the compassion of God toward us, that the issue is not left to the possible uncertainties of such a contest. An influence all divine is vouchsafed to the soul, that thus its ultimate felicity and glory may be placed beyond the possibility of failure.

‘ To all these influences did the Saviour refer, when he said, *The wind bloweth where it listeth, thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, nor whither it goeth.* But if this mysteriousness belong to them all, how may we escape delusion? How may we know whether the influences which come upon us are good or evil? Satan can appear as an angel of light; error can assume the likeness of truth; evil can put on the semblance of good. Are there any means by which we may certainly distinguish between these? When an apostle writes, *Beloved, believe not every spirit, but try the spirits whether they be of God,* it is clearly implied, that the means of conducting such a trial are within our reach.

‘ III. We may observe, generally, that the Bible is our acknowledged standard of truth, and that **THE SPIRIT WHICH SPEAKS NOT ACCORDING TO THIS RULE, IS NOT OF GOD.** The great design of miraculous powers was to attest the authority of scripture, that, the inspired volume once completed, the church might possess ample guidance to the end of time. And, as if for the purpose of preventing any expectation of additions to that word, as left by the apostles, the power of working miracles ceased with the apostolic age. It is true that pretensions to this power survived that period; but in every instance, much subsequent to the first century, there is the strongest reason for considering them as the effect of misconception or fraud. And it is important to remember, that supposing these gifts to have passed away with the apostles and their immediate disciples, they must have disappeared, as they seem to have done, imperceptibly. Every argument that may now be resorted to in support of a continuance of miraculous powers, might be urged in support of making additions to the documents of holy scripture; and the church of Rome, accordingly, in urging her pretensions to such power, has only been consistent in laying claim to a spirit of infallibility, and in making her traditions of the same authority with the commandments of God. An argument which should prove that *any* of the extraordinary gifts of the apostolic age were to be perpetuated, must prove that they were *all* to be perpetuated, the gift of healing and the gift of inspiration alike. Hence, the next step after an expectation of new miracles, should be the expectation of new Bibles, or that some modern saint should attempt to supply the deficiencies of the Evangelists and of St. Paul. We repeat, therefore, that the word of God is the sole, and the sufficient standard, by which to try our own spirits, and the spirits supposed to have influence over us.

‘ Taking this perfect and unerring volume as our guide, we may be assured that the influence which disposes us to make light of sin, under whatever disguise this may be done, is not of God. The Spirit of God is holy, the angels in heaven are holy, and all that descends to us from them is in accordance with their nature. The divine word sufficiently describes what that work upon the heart is, which it is the design of all heavenly influence to promote. That which we may expect

to be done within us, is that which we have distinctly promised, and portrayed before us. The whole of this we should seek, and nothing beyond this should we for a moment anticipate. Whatever tends to produce distrust of the word of God, to nourish spiritual sloth, to impair a habit of devotion, to lessen our christian usefulness, to turn the mind from what is certain to what is doubtful, from truth to speculation, from doctrines that lead immediately to our sanctification to others which have no such immediate bearing;—whatever shall serve to puff up with spiritual pride, though under the garb of a monastic humility; or to make our own prominence and power a favourite object, though under the persuasion of a zeal for God; and, finally, whatever is found to alienate our affections from our fellow-men, and especially from our fellow-christians,—all such things are manifestly the offspring of our own earthly nature, or the result of influences still more opposed to God and goodness.

‘The subject of this chapter forcibly reminds us of THE IMPORTANCE WHICH IS ATTACHED TO HUMAN NATURE IN THE ECONOMY OF THE UNIVERSE. It is a fallen nature, every way stained and polluted; but its destiny calls forth the never-slumbering watchfulness, and the never-ceasing activity, of the good and evil through every known region of spiritual existence. The ruined archangel, and his embattled host, have long since made the destruction of man the great object of their policy. To prevent this, the Son of God becomes incarnate, and a sacrifice; the hosts of heaven array themselves, and go forth to meet the enemy in our cause; and the Spirit of the Highest descends to earth, deigns to take up his abode in the human heart, and supplies the weapons, the skill, and the strength, which must render the faithful more than conquerors through Him who hath loved them. Surely the results about which such wonderful agencies are employed, and thus employed, must be beyond all our thought momentous! To be among the lost, or the saved, must be an event of unspeakable, of inconceivable magnitude. Were all the power, the opulence, and the pleasures of the earth at our bidding, should we deem them valueless? Were all its evils to break at once upon us, should we affect to be unmoved? If this would not be, then be it remembered, that to be uninfluenced by what the Almighty has said as to the worth of our spiritual nature, and the danger to which it is exposed, is to do more strangely. It is to hazard an infinite loss, and to choose an infinitude of evil in its place! What an emphasis do these considerations give to that scripture,—*What shall it profit a man, if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul? or what shall he give in exchange for his soul?*’ pp 72—76.

In the first page, we meet with this remark, well worth remembering: ‘On earth, the individuals who aspire to the greatest good, generally impose upon themselves the greatest labour.’ Following up this axiom, Mr. Vaughan, in more than one place, exposes the criminality of that subtle, specious, respectable sin,—indolence.

‘SLOTH is another foe of public duty we have to mention. The

love of ease has been frequently described as the besetting sin of human nature. It is certain, that we every day see, and feel, the impediments which it places in the way of usefulness. If our plans may be accomplished with little effort on the part of others, we indulge the hope of success. But if much sacrifice be required, our anticipations generally decline, until they reach the point of despair. It is the same, in a great measure, when looking to ourselves. We dare not confide in our own perseverance, if it should be put to a severe test, any more than in that of our brethren.

'How many intellectual men pass life away without any thing deserving the name of labour! And this, perhaps, is their conduct, while professing to regard their ability to do good, as a matter of which an account must be given hereafter. They read, they talk, they luxuriate—but they shrink from real exertion. They look, probably, to the Redeemer of men, expecting ere long to receive from his hand a place in heaven: but they are idlers in his cause on earth. The same kind of delinquency frequently occurs in the instance of the man of business—the individual whose province is in practical affairs. He might bring his discernment, his experience, and his leisure, to the aid of many an important object. But it is easier to beguile himself with trifles, than to apply himself to duty. He is more concerned to provide personal amusement, than to benefit either the church or the world.' pp. 168, 169.

* * * * *

'Indolence is not an unfrequent occasion of difficulty, when endeavouring to meet the ordinary duties of our station in the spirit required by the Gospel. . . . Now, where there is any marked leaning toward this vice, along with a spirit of piety, there is another sphere added to the many which constitute the warfare of the Christian. And indolence, be it remembered, when leading to the neglect of manifest duty, is not only a sin, but one which is sure not to exist alone. If it refer to worldly duty in the first instance, it will not fail to extend itself to religious duty; and it will put the mind in search of a multitude of vain excuses, in the hope of sheltering its delinquencies. Thus a proneness to deceit becomes the never-failing associate of idleness.

'As the frauds and wrongs practised on society may be traced, in most instances, to the fact that some men, while they must eat, will not work, so nearly all the corruptions of Christianity are to be ascribed to the circumstance that men, while concerned to obtain the rest of the future world, are bent on seeking it by some easier or more agreeable process than that which the scriptures have prescribed. Hence the substitution of vagrant fancies in the room of laborious self-examination, of airy speculations in the place of practical holiness. It is the great policy of the worldly idler to render a little effort as productive as possible; and it is precisely thus with the spiritual idler. Their system, accordingly, is to put the easiest and cheapest services in the stead of the more difficult and costly. And every one must perceive that it requires much less effort to censure Christians than to excel them; to condemn the world than to effect its improvement.

Indeed, there is scarcely another vanity so seductive as that which tells a man, that by loudly denouncing other persons, he is giving prominence to some conceived superiority in himself. We want something more, as the evidence of unusual sanctity, than a disposition to seem very angry with the real or the imaginary irreligion of our neighbours.

'The substance of what we here say is this;—idleness, the pest of the world, is equally, though under other forms, the bane of the church; and that it much behoves the Christian to guard against its creeping and insidious power in all its shapes. It is the chief ally of our natural depravity, the foe of all duty, and especially of those duties which require peculiar watchfulness and exertion.

'Nor has the Bible, in condemning indolence, spoken in vain. Religious men, in every age and nation, in proportion to their scriptural piety, have been distinguished by their industry, activity, and commercial enterprise. Separated from the paths of forbidden and intoxicating pleasures, they have sought their main occupation in useful and honourable pursuits, generally bringing to their plans that steadiness of character which, under the blessing of Providence, is usually allied to success.' pp. 275, 276.

One of the most valuable chapters in the volume is that which treats of religious declension, as distinguished from apostasy. To the former, the uncouth word 'backsliding' has frequently, and we must think very improperly, been applied; and we regret that Mr. Vaughan should have sanctioned it. The sin referred to in those passages of the Old Testament where our Translators have used this word, is clearly that of an open and wilful defection from the faith, a relapse into idolatry and vice, apostasy from Jehovah. To speak of 'declining piety' as 'backsliding', is to sanction a pernicious misapplication of Scripture, that has tended to afflict many a person of tender conscience, and to embolden many a hypocrite and wilful transgressor, by confounding those states of heart and character which Mr. Vaughan has with so much correctness distinguished. Still more strongly must we object to the common but most pernicious misapplication (p. 214) of Rom. vii. 14, as descriptive of any individual 'emancipated', as the Apostle declares he had been, by 'the principle of spiritual life in Christ Jesus, from the rule of sin and death.' If we have any fault to find with Mr. Vaughan, it is, that he does not discover so much of a critical intimacy with the sacred text as becomes every expounder of *THE BOOK*.

The most beautiful chapter, perhaps, is that on the Fear of Death; and as we can make room for only one more extract, it must be taken from this.

—'Through the Redeemer's sacrifice, death becomes to the Christian as one in a various catalogue of things which must work together for his good. So complete, indeed, is the atonement which has been made

for human guilt, that the Father might cause our spirits to be enlightened and sanctified at once, and our bodies to pass at once into heaven, without tasting of death, were such his pleasure. But the wisdom which has determined that our victory over spiritual death should be by means of a various and protracted warfare, has arranged that victory over natural death should be through the passage of the grave. Thus a new character attaches to this event, when viewed in connexion with the second Adam, instead of being regarded merely in its relation to the first. From the one, this enemy derives all that power which has rendered him the king of terrors; by the other, the foe has been deprived of his main strength, and rendered comparatively and ultimately harmless.

‘Hence the Christian is taught to regard THE SEPARATIONS OCCASIONED BY DEATH AS PARTS OF A GREAT PLAN, THE ISSUES OF WHICH WILL BE ALTOGETHER BENEVOLENT. These separations, we have seen, are many, various in their character, and often painful beyond expression; and it is impossible that we should be satisfied as to the benevolence of their design, unless assured that all their evil will be indeed surpassed by the good to which they lead. The pains of the process must be exceeded by the pleasures of the result. What, then, has religion to place in the balance against separation from the intimate connexions, the endeared possessions, and the much-loved pursuits of the present world? We answer, enough, and greatly more than enough, to turn the scale in its favour. Its design is to prepare believers for a better fellowship, a richer heritage, and more exalted pursuits than can be realized on earth. If the servant of God be taken from the less, it is that he may enter upon the possession of the greater. He has to experience a dissolution of the most tender ties connected with present existence, but it is that he may ascend to the more felicitous relationships of the heavenly world. If taken from much on earth, it is that he may receive to himself a kingdom which cannot be moved. He has to relinquish pursuits, which may have served to beguile his saddest hours, and have ministered not a little of innocent and sincere delight; but it is that his sympathies may be given more entirely to others, the pleasures of which exceed whatever the mind may now conceive. This is the end of his vocation, and the believer would not live for ever at the cost of being for ever estranged from it. Hence the desire of the Apostle *to depart and to be with Christ*. Hence his exultation—*I count not the sufferings of this present life as worthy to be compared with the glory that shall be revealed in us. These light afflictions, which are but for a moment, work out for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory!*

‘Believers are often strengthened in contending against the fear of death, by learning to view submission to it as AN ACT OF OBEDIENCE, HAVING RESPECT BOTH TO GOD AND MAN. *Shall we receive good at the Lord's hand, and shall we not receive evil?* If we bless him as having set his glorious kingdom before us, shall we rebel against him because of the way which leads to it? Is it not enough that he has called us to an eternity of greatness and happiness while deserving to perish; but must we murmur because time also is not free from the painful and the humiliating? Has he saved us from spiritual death,

and shall we deem it a severity that we must submit to natural death? Has he rescued us from the sleepless horrors of the lost, and shall we charge him foolishly because of the brief repose allotted us in the tomb? Did he deliver his beloved Son to die the death of the cross, that *he* might thus testify the evil of sin, even while removing it; and shall *we* hesitate to go down to the grave, if thereby we may do homage to our great Benefactor, and testify to the same truth?

‘Among the most obvious of our religious duties is the effort to bring our rebellious nature into willing subjection to the great law of mortality. The astonishment is not that our entrance into heaven must be preceded by a life of conflict, and a death so humbling and painful, but rather that there should be any process, however great its debasement or suffering, that may lead to a result so truly wonderful. The nature which has permitted the afflictions of life, has permitted the reign of death, and both for the same reason,—that Christians, by meeting them in the spirit enjoined upon them, *may glorify their Father who is in heaven.*

‘Nor is this an act of obedience having respect to God only. The relation in which we are placed to each other, is such as to make it incumbent upon us to guard against all desire of exemption from this general law. If it be so, that *as face answereth to face in a glass, so doth the heart of man to man*, it would seem to follow, that if affliction, or death, be made to have their place in the lot of any, they should belong to the lot of all. And who could really wish to be an exception—especially in the latter respect? Every such wish must be a violation of that law which says, *Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself.* It must proceed from that inordinate selfishness which the great law of equity condemns. The greatest men, and the best, have alike submitted to the stroke which separates us from the earth; leaving no plea to be urged in behalf of our own respite or acquittal, which might not have been better urged in the case of others. The precept which requires us to prefer one another in honour, prohibits the faintest wish to escape from those dishonours of the tomb to which all flesh has been doomed. In this manner, those fraternal sympathies which should bind man to his nature wherever found, and which the spirit of filial submission to the divine will must ever strengthen, all assist in reconciling the mind to an event in itself so grievous and unwelcome.’

pp. 380—384.

And now our readers will be able to form their own judgement of the Volume which we have much satisfaction in commending to their notice.

Art. VI. *Address to the Land-Owners of England, on the Corn Laws.*
By Viscount Milton. Second Edition. 8vo. pp. 46. London.
1832.

THERE is no public man of the day to whom the honourable title of patriot more rightfully belongs, than the noble Author of this pamphlet;—no one whose integrity of purpose, entire sincerity, and excellence of intention will be more readily admitted

by all parties. His opinions may be deemed too liberal,—on some points extreme, or even dangerous. To his own party, if he can be considered as belonging to any, his straight-forwardness, his habit of thinking for himself, with some degree of inflexibility, have sometimes been a little inconvenient. By the Tory party, he is both feared and disliked. But all must acknowledge the virtuous consistency of his character; and few will venture to call in question the patriotic aim of his public conduct. Unlike some champions of liberal principles, who are patriots in the senate, and tyrants in their own territory, Lord Milton is the same man in Yorkshire that he is in the metropolis; and his private conduct is governed by his public opinions.

His object, in the present appeal to the land-owners of the country, is to shew, that the corn laws are unjust in principle;—that they have not answered the purpose of protecting the agriculturist;—and that their only result is, ‘to confer the fraction of a benefit upon one, and *that*, the wealthiest class of the nation, and to do unmixed evil to every other class.’ Whether he is right or wrong, no one can say that the Heir of Wentworth is biassed by a regard to his own private interests in advocating this view of the subject.

If there be one topic that, more than another, demands to be investigated with dispassionate and impartial attention, it is that of the laws which are supposed to be necessary for the protection of the agricultural interest. But upon no one point have self-interest and party clamour so completely precluded calm discussion and sober argument. The very word, corn-laws, has something in it inflammatory of the passions. For want of other materials of seditious excitement, the Conservatives are now endeavouring to stir up a reaction against the present administration, (the most aristocratic that has been seen for this fifty years,) by representing its policy as hostile to the agricultural interest, from which, as land-owners, its members derive their revenues. If the corn-laws have the effect of keeping up the price of corn, and thereby keeping up rent, who can have better reason to wish them to be perpetuated, than the great Whig families who are identified with the present cabinet?

It is not our intention, in the present article, to go at large into this most important and intricate inquiry. Lord Milton’s pamphlet is chiefly occupied with the statement of some very startling facts, tending to shew, that the golden reign of high prices was at all events not a time of increased prosperity to the labourer in husbandry.

‘Did the period of the so called agricultural prosperity, which is supposed to have reached its highest pitch in the year 1810, really bring comfort into the cottage of the labourer? Did it give him a greater demand over the first necessary of life? Did it enable him to

obtain something beyond the necessities of life, and thus to raise himself in the scale of society? To those landowners who took advantages of the times, and to those tenants whose landlords did not, I know well that it brought wealth; but whether it brought comfort to the labourer, except in districts where enclosures, or other improvements, which cannot be repeated, were in actual progress, is a very different question. It is, nevertheless, a question which must be solved, before we can determine whether agricultural prosperity can be truly predicated of that period of our history. Summon, therefore, into your presence, the men who are old enough to remember those times, and who are both able and willing to give you an account of their then condition. Let these enquiries be made in various situations. Make them in districts of old enclosure—make them in districts of open field—make them in the North, and in the middle, and in the South of England, excluding only those particular spots where such improvements were in actual progress, as, when once finished, cannot be repeated. If your enquiries are so conducted, I am much mistaken, if you will not find that the boasted period of agricultural prosperity was, to the labourer, a season of distress—and the one, during which he began to fall from his former station to that lower condition, to which we now see him reduced in many parts of England.’—pp. 13—15.

His Lordship proceeds to substantiate this representation, by comparing the average price of wheat, and the average rate of wages, at different periods; and he shews, that, taking the weekly consumption of wheat in a labourer’s family at two-thirds of a bushel, the surplus wages which would remain to the labourer after paying for that requisite portion of food, was the greatest in 1814, when the price of wheat was under 9s. 6d. a bushel, and the least in 1810, when the alleged agricultural prosperity was at its acme, and the price of the bushel was upwards of 13s. In the former year, the wages of agricultural labour in Northamptonshire, were 14s.; the price of two-thirds of a bushel, 6s. 1d.; leaving the labourer a surplus of 7s. 11d. In the latter year, he received only 10s. in wages; the price of two-thirds of a bushel was 8s. 10d.; leaving a surplus of only 1s. 2d. The Writer then compares the average excess of wages, estimated in the same way, during different periods or cycles of five years; and proves, that the period which is uniformly cited as that of the greatest agricultural prosperity, ‘was precisely that in which ‘the surplus income of the labourer was the smallest, and consequently that in which the comforts of the agricultural population were the most abridged.’

We do not see how the general conclusion which Lord Milton draws from these calculations is to be evaded. There is one circumstance, however, which, though it may not materially affect the correctness of the data, must be taken into account in judging of the actual condition of the labourer at the respective pe-

riods: we refer to the amount which he received in the shape of parochial allowance in addition to his wages. This, it would be very difficult to ascertain; but it forms an important element of the inquiry.

Having considered the effects of high price upon the great mass of the agricultural population, consisting of labourers, Lord Milton proceeds to expose the situation in which the agricultural tenantry, the owners of farming stock, have been placed since the passing of the Corn law of 1815; the express object of which statute was, to keep the average price of wheat at, or as near as possible to 80s. a quarter. Between 1815 and 1822, the farmer experienced the most extraordinary fluctuations in the price of his merchandize; fluctuations arising in part from the variations of the seasons; in part, unquestionably, from variations in the currency; but, to whatever cause attributable—and we have never seen an adequate and satisfactory explanation of all the circumstances,—shewing the utter inefficiency of the Corn-laws to protect the farmer against too low, or the consumer against too high a price.

‘ In the Spring of 1817, wheat sold at 120s. a quarter; in the Winter of 1821–2, it sold at less than 40s. a quarter; the average of the year 1817 being 94s., and that of 1822 being 43s. The highest price in Oxford, at Lady-day, 1817, was 148s.; at Michaelmas, 1820, 66s.; at Michaelmas, 1822, 52s. a quarter. The consequence of this state of things cannot have escaped your recollection. Great difficulties had been felt by the agricultural interest in 1814, 15, and 16; but the difficulties of all former years were surpassed by the distress of the Winter of 1821–2. The insolvency of tenants, at this period, was unparalleled in the history of the agricultural classes, and the inefficacy of the Act of 1815 was so universally acknowledged, that an alteration in the law was made in the Session of 1822; but the alteration being contingent upon circumstances which never occurred, no permanent practical change took place till the year 1828, when the present system was adopted. During the period, therefore, from 1815 to 1828, the prohibitory system of 1815 was in virtual operation. How far it secured you from a diminution of rental, your tenants from insolvency, and your estates from injury, every landholder in England can testify. I am here, however, principally entreating your consideration of the effects produced upon the agricultural capital of the country. Year after year, the value of the farmer’s produce had been diminishing, till it fell to little more than half the price at which Parliament considered that he could be remunerated for his industry. Year after year, he was deluded by fallacious hopes, excited by the law itself; his rent was paid out of his capital instead of out of his profits, till that capital became insufficient for the proper cultivation of the land, and then you yourselves began to feel the calamity, by which many of your tenantry had been already overwhelmed. Compare, then, the situation of that tenantry, under the protection of the

Corn Law of 1815, with what it probably would have been, had the trade been avowedly free ; or if you had been contented with the protection afforded by the law of 1804, under which it would have been practically free. Prices would, indeed, have lowered, but no such extravagant hopes would have been excited, no such erroneous calculations would have been made ; rents would have fallen to a level corresponding with the price of grain, the agricultural capital of the country would have been unimpaired, and the land would have remained in a better state of cultivation. Your nominal rentals might have been diminished, but your rents would have been collected with facility, and you would not have been driven, time after time, to the wretched expedient of returning a per centage to your tenants at each successive audit, in order to induce them to remain on their farms,—an expedient, which proclaims to your fellow citizens, that those who resort to it are in the habit of demanding from their tenants a larger rent than they are capable of paying. Nothing, I must confess, is more distressing to me than to witness these half-yearly annunciations of this mis-called liberality of certain portions of the landed interest. Has it never struck you, fellow citizens, that this proceeding is no evidence of liberality, but rather of extortion ; that the return of part of the rent may be proper, when called for by temporary calamity, by the effects of flood, or storm, or by some accidental misfortune overwhelming a particular tenant, or class of tenants ; but that, when resorted to habitually, it is not to be justified ; that it convicts those who have recourse to it of continued attempts to extract from their tenantry a rent not warranted by the value of agricultural produce ; and that, so far from proving the liberality of the landlord, it affords testimony of a very different quality.’—pp. 21—25.

To the land-owner, corn-laws which keep up the price of corn, may, it is admitted, yield an advantage, but an unjust one, at the expense of the other classes ; and not so great an advantage as may appear, since the extra price goes to augment very considerably, not merely the land-owner’s rent, but his expenditure. He partakes, therefore, in some degree of the injury which he inflicts. But, injurious as such enactments are to the three branches of society connected with the land, the mischievous influences which they exercise upon the manufacturing and commercial interests of the country, are, his Lordship remarks, infinitely more varied and extensive. The following facts, adduced to shew their effect upon the cost of producing manufactured goods, are worthy of deep attention.

‘ It is very much the fashion of the present day to dwell upon the important functions which machinery performs in the manufactories of this country ; and hence an inference is drawn by some persons, that the price of manual labour is of trifling consequence to our successful competition with the foreigner. These reasoners must imagine, that the dense population which has grown up in the manufacturing districts, has, comparatively, little to do with the manufacture, and that the great sums which that population receives in the shape of wages,

form no component part of the price of the manufactured article. They cannot be aware of the vast momentum of manual labour that is required, even for those branches of manufacture in which the efficiency of machinery is the most remarkable ; still less can they be aware, that, in some very important branches, machinery is scarcely at all employed. In the processes of spinning and weaving, mechanical power has indeed been applied to a great extent ; but the idea, that human labour has been superseded by machinery, is one of the most chimerical fancies that ever entered into the mind of man. The result of this application of artificial power has rather been to augment the quantity, and reduce the price of manufactured goods, than to dispense with the agency of man in their preparation ; hence the comforts and enjoyments of all ranks have been promoted, and the agricultural labourer himself has been enabled to obtain articles, which nothing but the application of mechanical power could have brought within his reach. In other and very important manufactures, however, the use of machinery is extremely limited ; and, upon these, the effect of an enhanced price of the first necessary of life is the most apparent, though, perhaps, it is not, in reality, more injurious to them, than to those branches of industry which seem to be withdrawn from its influence by the more extensive employment of machinery, but in which a large part of the expenditure may be ultimately resolved into the wages of labour.

‘ In order to place this view of the necessary effects of the Corn Laws more distinctly before you, may I be allowed to exhibit some details of the expenses of labour in a few of our leading manufactures ?

‘ It is a subject to which your habits rarely attract your thoughts ; few of you have local opportunities for considering it ; and I am afraid that I have remarked in some a reluctance to enquire into the state of your manufacturing and commercial countrymen.

In the manufacture of fine woollen cloth, the wages paid by the manufacturer amount to about sixty per cent. upon the total expenditure incurred between the purchase of the wool in the foreign port, and the period when the cloth is in a state fit for sale ; in the manufacture of linen yarn, the corresponding expenditure in wages is about 48 per cent.

‘ In the manufacture of earthenware, the wages paid by the manufacturer amount to about 40 per cent. ; that is to say, in the conversion of the requisite quantity of clay into goods worth 100*l.*, 40*l.* are paid to the workmen in the shape of wages.

‘ It is obvious, however, that, in these three instances, especially in the latter, a very large proportion of the remaining charges is resolvable into the wages of labour, though, perhaps, not to so great an extent as in the next instances I am about to cite. In the manufacture of pig iron, the expense of labour upon the various ingredients employed, amounts to no less than 81 per cent. ; and, in its subsequent conversion into bar iron, to 84 per cent.

‘ In the working of collieries, the expenses are almost entirely resolvable into labour ; and, in cases within my own knowledge, the wages actually paid exceed 90 per cent. upon the current expend-

iture. In the different branches of the steel manufacture, the following may be stated as the proportions per cent. which materials and wages bear to each other.

	Material.		Wages.
In Files (coarse	50	...	50 per cent.
Ditto (finer)	25	...	75
Table knives and forks	35	...	65
Razors	10	..	90
Scissors (coarse)	15	...	85
Ditto (fine).....	4	...	96

‘ Great as is the proportion which wages bear to the direct cost of manufacturing these articles, it must never be forgotten, that by far the greater part of the price of the material itself consists of wages ; and consequently, that almost the entire value of our steel goods may be said to consist of the wages of labour.

‘ These are only a few specimens, selected not for their peculiar applicability to my argument, but because I can speak of them, either from my own knowledge, or from information derived immediately from those who are engaged in these branches of industry.

‘ With these examples before our eyes, surely it is impossible to imagine that the employment of machinery renders it a matter of indifference to our manufacturing capitalists, whether the food of the operative classes is dear or cheap. Even where machinery has been carried to the greatest extent, the wages of labour constitute a most important element in the price of manufactured goods ; and high wages, when they are the result of dear provisions, not of a growing demand for labour, must ultimately tell upon commercial prosperity. Dear provisions must, indeed, produce one of the following effects—they must either lower the condition of the labourer, or raise the rate of wages. Nobody can wish the former result ; you must, therefore, wish high wages to be the result of dear corn—but if wages are high, the price of goods must be high—but if the price of goods be high, our manufacturers cannot compete with foreigners—but if they cannot compete with foreigners, our export trade is diminished—if our export trade is diminished, the prosperity of our manufacturing population is undermined—if their prosperity is undermined, they will consume fewer provisions ; the demand for agricultural produce in the manufacturing counties will be restricted—the surplus produce will remain in the hands of the farmer, and the ultimate result will be a fall of rents, occasioned, be it remembered, by an attempt to raise them. Let this sink deep into your minds.’—pp. 28–34.

Lord Milton then proceeds to point out the importance of the demand for corn in the manufacturing districts, to the corn-grower himself, and the interest which the landed proprietors have ‘ in the activity of every workshop and counting-house in Birmingham and Liverpool ’. And he concludes with almost supplicating the order to which he belongs, to consider whether their own welfare is promoted by a policy at variance with the prosperity of the industrious classes.

One important conclusion to which we are led by the facts adduced in the present pamphlet is, that the increase of population has little to do with the real rate of wages, and still less with their nominal amount; that, upon this point, the Malthusian doctrines are, as upon most others, at irreconcilable variance with stubborn fact. Another circumstance deserving of attention is, that, although agricultural wages will eventually be governed by the price of corn, the rise or fall of money wages does not immediately adjust itself to the rise or fall of prices, but, as it will be seen from the tables given by Lord Milton, so slowly as to occasion in the mean time much suffering to the labourer or much loss to his employer; and that nothing, therefore, is so much to be deprecated as any great fluctuation in the price of wheat, against the consequences of which the labourer cannot by any possibility provide.

Lord Milton's views of the baneful operation of the Corn laws, are very ably supported by Mr. Mundell, in a pamphlet, the title of which we have given below*, and which we strongly recommend to the notice of our readers. It embraces topics connected with the currency, into which we cannot enter, but to which we intend to devote a future article, when a more recent pamphlet by the same Writer will claim our attention. The following paragraphs will shew how completely Mr. Mundell coincides with Lord Milton as to the connexion between the prosperity of the agriculturist and the steadiness of the home demand created by our manufacturing population.

‘Of all branches of industry, agriculture is the slowest in making returns. If enabled, however, to receive its natural encouragement, by the impulse of the great demand of our manufacturing population for food, its returns though slow are certain. But the whole operation of this law is in counteraction of the natural course of things, and its most mischievous operation upon the growth of grain is in adding hazard and uncertainty to slowness of return.’

‘The demand of our manufacturing population for food is the natural and the sure encouragement of our own agriculture. If we had had no corn laws, it may be difficult to say what would have been the price of corn in this country, but it is certain that it would have increased steadily and regularly with the increase of the population. We require, and should have had from other countries at all times, a supply of grain of a quality different from that which our climate enables us to raise. But the bulk of our supply would still have been the produce of our own soil; for the expense of bringing it from a distance would at all times be greater than the cheaper cost at which corn could be raised abroad.

* ‘The Necessary Operation of the Corn Laws, in driving Capital from the Cultivation of the Soil, &c. By Alexander Mundell, Esq.’ 8vo. 1s. 6d. Longman. 1831.

‘ Little faith is to be placed in political arithmetic ; and the price at which corn can be raised in any country never can be satisfactorily ascertained.

‘ But this much is certain ; that it is the great and increasing demand of our population for food, and not the cost of producing it, that is the cause of the high price of corn in this country above the price in countries whence we can derive a supply, when our demand is prevented from reaching such countries ; and it is not less certain that if the intercourse were free, the price there would always be the same with the price here, excepting the expense and risk of transport. Every farmer knows that high prices never compensate for diminished production. But if the effect of our corn laws enacted in and since the year 1815 be permanently and progressively to diminish production,—which is occasionally the consequence of a bad season,—such corn laws have the same effect during a course of years, in this respect, which a bad season has in a single year.

‘ It is at all events indisputable that our importation of corn continues to increase. The advocates of a restrictive corn law are thus thrown into this dilemma : either the increasing deficiency of home growth arises from the absolute inability of our agriculturists to keep pace with the increasing demand of our population for food ; or it arises from the operation of the corn laws. If the former be the case, what is to be said of the morality which seeks to aggravate the evils of scarcity by throwing from off its own shoulders the burdens of the state ? Few taxes are paid by the growers of corn *qua* growers. The chief taxes paid by them are as consumers, in common with the rest of the community. To resort to legislative means, in order to keep up the price of corn by reason of such taxes, is to relieve the grower of corn to this extent, and to increase the burdens of the rest of the community in the same proportion. In principle it is the same with an immunity from taxes enjoyed by a favoured class, which was a main ingredient in the first revolution in France, and has reduced Spain and Portugal from having been two of the finest to be two of the most beggarly kingdoms in Europe. Right never can come of wrong, especially where, as here, an attempt is made to counteract the natural course of things. In all such cases the consequences recoil upon the authors. This brings us to the other horn of the dilemma. No persons suffer so much from the operation of our corn laws as the growers of corn themselves. But, unfortunately, the rest of the community suffer with them.’ pp. 35—37.

Mr. Mundell pleads strongly for a free trade in corn, both import and export, allowing a drawback upon the exportation, equal to the *ad valorem* duty levied upon the import, which he would fix at an eighth part of the value of the grain, according to the highest price in the London market in the preceding week.

Art. VII.—*The Annuals.*

OUR readers will of course expect us to report, in the present Number, respecting the Annuals, which, true to their season, are now in flower. They will, perhaps, anticipate that some

changes have taken place, new varieties succeeding to those which may have disappeared. The Winter's Wreath, one of the most ably conducted of all the Annuals, is 'merged' in Friendship's Offering. Ackermann's Juvenile is united to Mrs. S. C. Hall's Forget-me-not. With regard to some others, we are in suspense. The only novelties are, a Landscape Album, and a Missionary Annual; the latter still in the bud.

The fourth volume of Mr. Roscoe's Tourist in Italy, contains a most delightful series of views from the pencil of Mr. Harding, to whose high merit we have on former occasions borne a willing testimony. His subjects are always skilfully selected and treated with equal dexterity and feeling. In the present volume, we are transported to the most picturesque parts of Italy; the Neapolitan coast and the shores of the Gulf of Genoa. The first five subjects are Vietri, La Cava, Vico, Mola di Gaeta, and the Garigliano. We are then led back to the Campagna di Roma, and presented with interesting views of Castel Gandolfo, Villa Madama, and two scenes in the romantic neighbourhood of Tivoli. Then follow Narni—Terni—Vallombrosa—and Fiesole; names that are in themselves pictures to the fancy. Nine views, not one too many, are assigned to the coast between the Magra and Nice. The remaining two, with the frontispiece and title-vignette, are subjects equally well chosen, taken from the Val d'Aosta in Piedmont. The views are admirably engraved. The entrance to Aosta, by Higham, is exquisitely finished. Alessio is, perhaps, the most strikingly beautiful combination of the powers of the pencil and the graver in the volume. But the whole series is good, without an exception, and does the greatest credit to all parties concerned. The letter-press consists of an amusing olio of narrative, historical and romantic, biographical anecdote, and slight topographical notice.

Mr. Stanfield and Mr. Leitch Ritchie have found ample scope for their respective powers of pencil and pen, in the rich and romantic scenery of the Rhine, studded with towns, castles, and convents, and peopled with the whole population of romance,—barons, bandits, blue-eyed damsels, goblin miners, and all sorts of phantoms. But alas! all the romance belongs to the past, and ill accords with the unpoetic reality. After amusing us with all sorts of good stories, and keeping the mind of his reader in a sort of luxurious dream as he floats down this majestic stream, Mr. Ritchie for a moment assumes a graver and more earnest tone, and drawing back the scenic curtain, shews us what it conceals.

'The country of the Rhine is a paradise of painters; but to the poet, whose vision embraces not merely the outside forms of things, but their moral associations, it is something very different indeed. We have scarcely any where seen human nature in a state of greater degradation

than on the banks of the Rhine. The "*deep blue eyes*" of the peasant girls glare upon you with the scowl of famine, from between the ridges that are heavy with corn and wine; and the hands "that offer early flowers" grasp a rope—fit token of their bondage—the loop of which is yoked round their waist, as they drag their barges against the stubborn stream. A procession of this kind, of from ten to twenty persons, chiefly females, is one of the most common spectacles that greet the eye of the voyager, when they are withdrawn from the picturesque ruins, and vine-clad hills, that border the river. The same thing, we are aware, may be seen elsewhere. At Dieppe, for instance, the fishermen's wives and daughters drag the family-boats out of the harbour, keeping step to a merry song, and ending with a shout as they fling the coil into the sea. But here the labour does not last for a hundred paces, but for a score or more of miles; and for singing, there are heard only sobs of weariness; and for sunny cheeks and lightsome eyes, there are seen only the pale and spirit-broken look of ceaseless toil and hopeless degradation.

'If the mothers act the part of horses, the children take that of dogs, and may be seen harnessed, as the latter animals are in London, to little carts or wheel-barrows, which they drag about the streets. The work of the fields also is performed in general by the women and children, who may be observed, almost naked, digging, sowing, and carrying burdens, beneath the burning rays of that sun which ripens the vines, and fills the land with plenty.

'The Rhine, born in the bosom of the Alps, midway between Italy and Switzerland, runs its course, of four hundred leagues, to the ocean, with an almost uniform rapidity. The wealth, therefore, that grows on its banks, may be carried down the stream, but can never re-ascend in that interchange of commodities which forms the prosperity of a country. The fluctuations of the tide of commerce are never felt among the mass of the people. No one becomes rich, but all continue poor. The nobles and other proprietors sell their corn, wine, iron, and other commodities, for money; and the labourers eat, as usual—that is, in favourable years—their crust of black bread. The ten or twelve thousand streams of all dimensions, that fling their waters into the Rhine, only use the latter river—which is more than adequate to its own supply—as a highway of commerce, on which the wealth that passes, leaves little more than its dust to the people, although it pays abundant tolls to the Government.' pp. 160—162.

Mr. Ritchie is a powerful writer,—not always alike successful in his tales of wonder and horror, some of which are not told for the first time, but always lively and entertaining; and his topographical sketches are particularly happy. We shall make room for a further specimen.

'The scenery of the Rhine, in the more picturesque parts at which we have now arrived, has not the slightest affinity to river-scenery, except in the rolling, tumbling motion of the water. The terms "*beautiful river*", "*magnificent river*", so liberally bestowed by its admirers, are quite misapplied—it is not a river at all. No one, when gazing around him from the deck of his vessel, or from the lonely and silent

shore, can imagine that he is anywhere else than on the bosom or the banks of a lake, whose waters are imprisoned by an impassable barrier of rocks and mountains.

‘ The Rhine is here a succession of lakes, (so far as the pilgrim of the picturesque is concerned,) each different in detail from the rest, yet all bearing some general resemblance like a series of family portraits. The remark of Hazlitt, that “ nature uses a wider canvas than man ”, and is therefore difficult to copy in such a manner as to unite the requisites of a fine picture, would be here misapplied. The objects are only just sufficiently numerous to keep the mind and eye on the stretch of interest; and the space only just extensive enough to admit of distance. Some further and loftier pinnacles may indeed be sometimes observed mingling with the tints of the sky; but in the body of the picture, the lake is clasped by the mountains in a close embrace, only varying in character from the gentle to the grim.

‘ And these mountains, be it observed, are, after all, only mountains in miniature. They have often, indeed, the steepness, the rudeness, the rock, the shadow, the over-hanging ridge, or jagged pinnacle of the Giants of the Valley of the Rhone; but in size, compared to them, they are but mole-hills. There is, to say the truth, something of the *petite* about the mountains of the Rhine, which uniting with the other peculiarities of the scenery, gives one the idea of a *picture*.

‘ Among these peculiarities may be mentioned a *preciseness*—if we can possibly make ourselves understood—in the appearance, disposition, and grouping of the various objects. Nor is this term or its meaning, conveyed, as might be suspected, by the tame and uniform appearance of the vineyards which clothe the sides of the eminences down to the water’s edge, and of the low woods which in general crown the hills. The characteristic extends even to the details of the piece. The small towns are pitched into an angle of the shore with the regularity of a geographer’s dotted mark, which signifies, “ here stands a town ”. No suburban streets, no straggling houses, no scattered farms, give relief to the taste by resembling the *accidents* of nature. The groves on the hill-sides are few and far between; but there is no grove without a church-spire rising in the midst, and over-topping the trees. Frequently a daring and fantastic cliff frowns over the river, or rises majestically from the brow of the steep; and each of these cliffs is crowned with a castle, till the wonder grows uniform. The woods, moreover, look like plantations; the vines obtrude an unceasing idea of the artificial; and at this, the autumnal season, the same grey, delicate, faded tint overspreads hill and valley, field and grove, assimilating with the colour of the rocks, and of the ruins that crown them, and only finding a contrast in the dark and turbid waters below.

‘ This is the *result* of the impression received during the whole voyage, or, in other words, the feeling into which those impressions finally subside; but the traveller on setting out, or even after passing through the second or third lake, would find it difficult to persuade himself that “ to this complexion they should come at last ”. At first, all is novelty, and wonder, and delight; then, as the novelty is gradually lost, the wonder subsides, and the delight vanishes, or only re-

mains like the remembrance of a dream. The voyage of the Rhine is like the voyage of human life! In youth we enjoy—in manhood we reason and compare—in old age we sink, according to the individual character, either into apathy or content. Some there are who have no manhood of the soul, and whose morning of enjoyment fades suddenly into a night of bitterness or regret. We have met with such travellers on the Rhine—and men too of apparent intelligence—who, forgetful of the feelings which in the earlier part of the voyage beamed in their faces, and sparkled in their eyes, declared the whole, after reaching Cologne, to be flat, stale, and unprofitable—a cheat and a delusion.

But we must not forget the more important personage—the Artist. The subjects of the truly picturesque drawings in this volume, are as follows: Strasbourg. Heydelberg (two views). Frankfort. Bingen (two views). Rheinstein. St. Goar. Coblenz (two views). Ehrenbreitstein. Andernach. Nonnenwert. Drachenfels. Godesberg. Bonn. Cologne. Brussels. Antwerp. Ghent. Bruges. Rotterdam. Near the Hague. Scheveling. Sea, near Brill. The scenes are particularly well suited to Mr. Stanfield's bold and glowing style; and the effect is so happily expressed by the burin, that, in several instances, the engraving seems to warm into colour. Coblenz from Ehrenbreitstein, reminds us strongly of Turner. Frankfort, Bingen by Twilight, and Bruges are, next to this, our favourite prints. Altogether, it is a delightful volume, and deserves well of the public.

The Keepsake is radiant, as usual, with Turner and Stanfield, Martin and Chalon, and a list of titled contributors. Lord Dover opens the volume with 'Vicissitudes in the Life of a Princess of Brunswick:' the same singular story has appeared in a little volume recently published under the title of "Past and the Present Times."* Mr. Leitch Ritchie, who seems the crack man of this year's Annuals, has supplied two tales. There are also two by the Author of *Frankenstein*; a ghost story by Colley Grattan; two pathetic tales by Mrs. Charles Gore; a Mexican story by the Author of *Hajji Baba*; and a very tragical 'story of modern science' by Lord Morpeth. We must conclude that the volume is designed for the gay and happy, from the predominance of the mournful and pathetic. To our taste, there is too much of the minor key, and we turn for relief to the plates. Juliet from *Liversage*, by Heath, is a gem,—dramatically conceived, and exquisitely executed by both pencil and burin. The Bridesmaid, from a drawing by Parris, is so lovely that one is ready to wonder how she came not to be the Bride. Pepita and the two Robbers, from *Cattermole*, is very clever. Turner's Ehrenbreitstein, engraved by Wallis, is beautiful in design and execution. The Invisible Girl is a gentle and lovely creature;

* 12mo. London, (Cadell,) 1831.

and there is a Flemish richness in the print, very attractive. The Frontispiece is admirable as a work of art; but the lady looks rather too much like a figure from the *Journal des Modes*. The medallion of the King on the title-page is a complete ocular deception: looked at in a proper light, it is difficult to resist the impression that it is an actual medal. We have omitted to notice 'Caius Marius mourning over the Ruins of Carthage,' by Martin, grand, shadowy, and gloomy, which L. E. L. has illustrated in the following pleasing and spirited stanzas.

- ' He turned him from the setting sun,
Now sinking in the bay :—
He knew that so his course was run,
But with no coming day ;
From gloomy seas and stormy skies,
He had no other morn to rise.
- ' He sat, the column at his feet,
The temple low beside ;
A few wild flowers blossomed sweet
Above the column's pride ;
And many a wave of drifted sand
The arch, the once triumphal, spanned.
- ' The place of pleasant festival,
The calm of quiet home,
The senate, with its pillared hall,
The palace with its dome,—
All things in which men boast and trust,
Lay prone in the unconscious dust.
- ' Yet this the city which once stood
A Queen beside the sea,
Who said she ruled the ocean flood,
Where ever there might be
Path for bold oar or daring prow :—
Where are her thousand galleys now ?
- ' A bird rose up—it was the owl
Abroad at close of day ;
The wind it brought a sullen howl,
The wolf is on his way ;
The ivy o'er yon turret clings,
And there the wild bee toils and sings.
- ' And yet there once were battlements,
With watchers proved and bold,
Who slept in war-time under tents
Of purple and of gold !
This is the city with whose power
Rome battled for earth's sovereign hour !

‘That hour it now was Rome’s, and he
 Who sat desponding there,
 Had he not aimed the soul to be
 Of all that she could dare ;
 The will that led that mighty state,
 The greatest, too—where all were great !

‘An exile and a fugitive,
 The Roman leaned alone ;
 All round him might those lessons give,
 The past has ever shown.
 With which is all experience fraught,
 Still teaching those who are not taught.

‘He saw and felt, wealth, glory, mind,
 Are given but for a day ;
 No star but hath in time declined,
 No power but pass’d away !
 He witnessed how all things were vain,
 And then went forth to war again !’

The same clever, versatile, and graceful Writer has contributed a good story to illustrate a humorous design by Richter—Peeping into a Letter at the Post-office.

Friendship’s Offering fully supports its average character. Among the contributions which have most pleased us, we may mention the Mysterious Stranger, by Leitch Ritchie ; the Veiled Lady of Ajmeer, by J. B. Fraser ; Match-making, by the inexhaustible Miss Mitford ; and more than all, ‘Cromwell House, or Three Scenes in the Life of a Commonwealth’s Man,’ by Miss Lawrance. From this we must take an extract.

‘One glorious summer’s evening in 1652, a young horseman rode slowly up to a small house, still to be seen near the summit of Highgate Hill, and dismounting, knocked at the door. His name and errand were quickly told ; and the worthy Master Heywood, who had now discovered, by the clearest possible light, that it was his bounden duty to uphold the Commonwealth, rushed to the door : “Come in, good cousin Mayhew. So ye seek an introduction to his Excellency. Glorious times these ! wondrous appearing of Providence ! Truly, the spirit of prophecy *did* rest upon your godly father. I never forget his words ; for was the like ever heard ? He raised up even as David, and kings of the earth bringing gifts unto him ; or, as learned Dr. Godwin set forth in his last morning exercise, like Joseph,

“That he might at his pleasure bind
 The princes of the land ;
 And he might teach his senators
 Wisdom to understand.”

Glorious things do our eyes behold ! Why, this house, worth full three hundred pounds, I purchased for half, and the hangings into the

bargain. Who is there, as worthy Colonel Harrison saith, but must rejoice in the welfare of Zion?"

"But where is the Lord General?" inquired Mayhew.

"He is staying out, there yonder, at my lady Ireton's. But surely, or my eyes deceive me, there is his Excellency, with Colonel Harrison, now coming along the path."

The young man turned quickly round, eager to catch a view of that extraordinary man, whose fame was the theme of all Europe. In the younger of the two, a bold, good-humoured, though coarse looking man, he recognized Harrison. But could the elder, he, whose heavy features, awkward gait, and plain suit of dark gray, seemed to mark him but as some thrifty farmer, some small freeholder, could *he* be the warrior who, snatching the banner from the flying cornet, rallied the twice discomfited host at Marston Moor, and bore away a glorious victory? Could that harsh voice bid triumphant defiance to the monarchy on the proud field of Naseby? Could the members of that mightiest parliament have quailed before the flash of that dull gray eye? Ere young Mayhew had recovered his surprise, Master Heywood had hastened toward the pair with bows, expressing the quintessence of reverential feeling.

"Stand up, man, put on thy hat—wherefore all this reverence to a fellow mortal? Who hast here?" and in the searching, though momentary glance which the speaker cast, young Mayhew felt that he indeed stood in the presence of a master spirit.

"A young kinsman of mine, so please your Excellency, son to worthy Captain Mayhew, who was killed at Edgehill, and who said how truly great your Excellency would be;—he is come to offer his services to our glorious Commonwealth."

"I knew him well, and for his sake the son is welcome," answered Cromwell, a smile of singular benignity playing over those heavy features. He paused a few moments, and then laying his hand familiarly on young Mayhew's shoulder, said, "Can'st go a journey for me?"

"Right willingly, your Excellency, this very night."

"*Thou* art a man for the Commonwealth's service," cried the General, smiling at the young man's eagerness; "Come down to me at my daughter's house within half an hour."

"You're a made man, Master Edward," cried his admiring cousin. "You see the General remembered your late godly father, for I have never been slack when I could get speech of his Excellency, to say somewhat concerning you. Now there is a vacancy for a cornet in the General's own troop; might you not edge in a word, as they say, for my second boy, Maher-Shahal-Hashbaz, whose name I changed from that heathenish one Charles, when news came how that son of Belial was going to send over the Irish papists, and I was grieved for the afflictions of our Zion?"

Young Mayhew went down; but vainly did Master Heywood endeavour to ascertain the result of that interview, for by the earliest dawn on the morrow he departed.

Three days passed; and then as evening closed in, the young man, faint and worn, leaping from his tired horse, presented himself at the

door of the lady Ireton's, and demanded instant conference with the Lord General Cromwell.

“His Excellency is in close discourse with some friends,” said his trusty secretary Thurloe; “nor can he be seen, save by him *who bringeth glad tidings.*”

“*His counsel shall stand,*” responded young Mayhew; and the secretary, recognizing the countersign, immediately led him up the noble staircase, adorned with military emblems, and decorated with neatly carved small figures of the parliament soldiers, each bearing his appropriate arms, into the withdrawing room, where the General was seated at the head of a large table, and with him three friends. “Now for an account of your journey,” said he, smiling familiarly.

We have not room for Master Mayhew's report, which conveys to Cromwell the gratifying assurance that the last hopes of the royalists are at an end. A conversation ensues between Cromwell, Vane, and Harrison, in which the characters are well supported. At length, Cromwell is driven to remark, that if he is set in this government above his fellows, ‘tis a mighty price he ‘must pay’.

“It is a solemn truth,” said a middle-aged man, whose peculiarly luxuriant locks of light brown hair and studied neatness of apparel contrasted strongly with the appearance of those around him; lifting his hand, and turning his eyes, clear, but destitute of vision, toward the Lord General, “it is a solemn truth, that he who is called forth to a mighty work must lay down a mighty price! For not alone must he endure the scoff and scorn of the brutish herd, that growl at the gentle violence which unlooses their chains, but the scoff of the worldly-wise, the scorn of the proudest among men, and more than all, the averted eye even of the good, who standing not on his vantage ground, see not the glorious results, and censure, even as the owl and bat blame the noontide sun, because too bright for their imperfect vision. And thus is the patriot leader crowned, not with laurel, but with thorn,—lifted up, not in triumph, but in mockery,—fed, not with honied praise and odorous benedictions, but with the gall of fierce revilings. Yet, shall he pause on his high career? Shall he draw back whom Heaven bids onward? No; though his staff in his hand become a serpent,—though all the waves of the Erythrean main are dashing before him,—though his own people, even those for whom he wrought so great deliverance, cry, ‘Who is this Moses that we should obey him?’”

“He speaketh truly,” cried Cromwell, who had listened with intense interest to the words of his Latin secretary..... “Saith not the Scripture, ‘A good name is better than precious ointment’? And a memory famous to all generations was the heritage promised to the righteous.”

“Nor shalt thou lose that reward, illustrious man!” answered the Poet, solemnly raising his hand, his fixed eyes lifted up towards Heaven, as though by a finer sense a vision of the unseen future were vouchsafed to him in recompense for his mortal blindness. “Scorn

thou to reap a quick but scanty fame, which gourd-like a night may mature, and a short day destroy ; but be thy fame the slowly springing, firmly rooted, wide-spreading bay, that through the long succession of centuries shall flourish over thy tomb. Thy tomb ! did I say ? They may cast thee out of thy grave, and scatter thy dust to the winds, but, can they blot out thy name ? Can they scatter thy memory ? That name, which, like the doom-announcing sentence traced by no earthly hand, shall appal each crowned tyrant in the midst of his unhallowed banquet of uncontrolled rule. A blight, deep and deadly, may gather round thy fame, and those who trembled at the living hero may spurn with asinine hoof the lifeless corpse ; but heed not thou ! thou, who, by the self-same appointment that placed the giver of glowing life in the heavens, art set to be the ruler of men below. He may sink in clouds, but to-morrow he arises in fresh glory. Like him, go on in thy course ; great—not that on thy brow is set the thick clustering laurel of threefold victory ;—not, that the royal standard of England swept her proud blazonry even in the dust before thee ;—not, because the crown of three kingdoms faded in dim eclipse before the star of thine ascendant ; but that, at thy call, England arose from the dust, and stood in enfranchised glory ; and freedom of conscience, and all her goodly train came forth from her dungeon gloom ; and religion, pure religion, tricked in no brodered vestment, but clad in spotless white, marched through the land beneath thy protecting shield, and sat down on her throne of dominion. Go on, illustrious man ! complete what thou hast so well begun. Despise a fleeting fame that shall wither like the fading flowers strewn upon a new-made grave, and be ‘ the praise and the heroic song of all posterity.’ ”

‘ The poet ceased, but the keen eye of that gifted man to whom the welcome counsel had been addressed, was fixed on the speaker, eagerly as though these encouraging words still flowed on. “ It *shall* be ”, he half murmured. None knew what he meant ; but, ere that year had closed, that soldier of fortune, seated in the chair of state, received from the Commissioners the great seal of the kingdom, and heard the joyful shouts of his companions in arms proclaiming him, “ Lord Protector of the Commonwealth of England, Scotland, and Ireland.” ’

From among the poetical contributions, we must cull the following very beautiful and touching Sonnet.

‘ Oh ! if thou lov’st me, love me not so well !
 For, in this ceaseless mingling of the heart,
 I feel such power of mystery doth dwell,
 I sicken with the weight, and weeping start !
 Are we of earth, and subject to decay ?
 Walk we a world of sin, and change, and pain ?
 Yet dare we own that forms of mortal clay
 Our all of wealth and happiness contain ?
 Oh ! surely souls for higher aims were made,
 Than thus in love’s fantastic realm to rove ;

And ours might treasure find that ne'er shall fade,
 And soar from human to immortal love !
 Then, if thou lov'st me, teach my hopes to rise,
 And lead my heart with thee home—home into the skies.'
 (Gertrude.)

A common place design of Corbould's is illustrated by some elegant and rather striking verses by Charles Whitehead, which, but for their length, would tempt transcription. But we must make room for the following.

THE ARMADA,

A FRAGMENT,

BY T. B. MACAULAY.

' Attend, all ye who list to hear our noble England's praise,
 I tell of the thrice famous deeds she wrought in ancient days,
 When that great fleet invincible against her bore in vain
 The richest spoils of Mexico, the stoutest hearts of Spain.

' It was about the lovely close of a warm summer's day,
 There came a gallant merchant-ship full sail to Plymouth bay,
 Her crew hath seen Castile's black fleet, beyond Aurigny's isle,
 At earliest twilight, on the waves lie heaving many a mile.
 At sunrise she escaped their van, by God's especial grace ;
 And the tall Pinta, till the noon, had held her close in chase.
 Forthwith a guard at every gun was placed along the wall ;
 The beacon blazed upon the roof of Edgumbe's lofty hall ;
 Many a light fishing bark put out to pry along the coast ;
 And with loose rein and bloody spur rode inland many a post.
 With his white hair unbonneted the stout old sheriff comes,
 Behind him march the halberdiers, before him sound the drums ;
 His yeomen, round the market-cross, make clear an ample space,
 For there behoves him to set up the standard of her Grace.
 And haughtily the trumpets peal, and gaily dance the bells,
 As slow upon the labouring wind the royal blazon swells.
 Look how the lion of the sea lifts up his ancient crown,
 And underneath his deadly paw treads the gay lilies down,
 So stalked he when he turned to flight, on that famed Picard field,
 Bohemia's plume, and Genoa's bow, and Cæsar's eagle shield ;
 So glared he when at Agincourt in wrath he turned to bay,
 And crushed and torn beneath his claws the princely hunters lay.
 Ho ! strike the flagstaff deep, sir knight : ho ! scatter flowers, fair maids :
 Ho ! gunner, fire a loud salute : ho ! gallants, draw your blades :
 Thou sun, shine on her joyously : ye breezes, waft her wide ;
 Our glorious SEMPER EADEM—the banner of our pride.

' The freshening breeze of eve unfurled that banner's massy fold,
 The parting gleam of sunshine kissed that haughty scroll of gold :
 Night sank upon the dusky beach, and on the purple sea ;—
 Such night in England ne'er had been, nor e'er again shall be.

From Eddystone to Berwick bounds, from Lynn to Milford bay,
That time of slumber was as bright and busy as the day :
For swift to east, and swift to west, the warning radiance spread ;
High on St. Michael's mount it shone, it shone on Beachy Head.
Far on the deep the Spaniard saw, along each southern shire,
Cape beyond cape, in endless range, those twinkling points of fire ;
The fisher left his skiff to rock on Tamar's glittering waves ;
The rugged miners poured to war from Mendip's sunless caves.
O'er Longleat's towers, o'er Cranbourne's oaks, the fiery herald flew ;
He roused the shepherds of Stonehenge, the rangers of Beaulieu.
Right sharp and quick the bells all night rang out from Bristol town,
And ere the day three hundred horse had met on Clifton down.
The sentinel on Whitehall gate looked forth into the night,
And saw o'erhanging Richmond-hill the streak of blood-red light.
The bugle's note and cannon's roar the death-like silence broke,
And with one start, and with one cry, the royal city woke.
At once on all her stately gates arose the answering fires ;
At once the wild alarum clashed from all her reeling spires ;
From all the batteries of the Tower pealed loud the voice of fear ;
And all the thousand masts of Thames sent back a louder cheer :
And from the furthest wards was heard the rush of hurrying feet,
And the broad stream of flags and pikes dashed down each roaring
street ;
And broader still became the blaze, and louder still the din,
As fast from every village round the horse came spurring in :
And eastward straight, from wild Blackheath, the warlike errand went,
And roused in many an ancient hall the gallant squires of Kent.
Southward from Surrey's pleasant hills flew those bright couriers forth ;
High on bleak Hampstead's swarthy moor they started for the north.
And on, and on, without a pause, untired they bounded still ;
All night from tower to tower they sprang, they sprang from hill to
hill,
Till the proud peak unfurled the flag o'er Darwin's rocky dales,
Till like volcanoes flared to heaven the stormy hills of Wales,
Till twelve fair counties saw the blaze on Malvern's lonely height,
Till streamed in crimson on the wind the wrekin's crest of light ;
Till broad and fierce the star came forth on Ely's stately fane,
Till tower and hamlet rose in arms o'er all the boundless plain ;
Till Belvoir's lordly terraces the sign to Lincoln sent,
And Lincoln sped the message on o'er the wide vale of Trent ;
Till Skiddaw saw the fire that burned on Gaunt's embattled pile,
And the red glare on Skiddaw roused the burghers of Carlisle.'

Of the embellishments, we cannot say much. Mr. Wood is clever, but it is not a cleverness that pleases us. 'Affection,' from a drawing by Davis, will, perhaps be a favourite. Purser's 'Bridge of Alva' and 'Corfu' are pleasing landscapes. The latter is illustrated by some beautiful stanzas. The Frontispiece, 'Unveiling,' from Richter, is a good engraving ; but we cannot admire the lady ; nor does the poem designed to illustrate the plate correspond to the idea which it suggests.

The Amulet has certainly the advantage of more attractive and truly elegant embellishments: and no pains and cost seem to have been spared to support the high character of the work in this respect. The Gentle Student, admirably engraved by Rolls from a lovely portrait by Newton; The Duchess of Richmond, from Sir Thomas Lawrence, engraved by Graves; Kemble as Cato, from the same master, by Greatbach; the Theft of the Cap, from a picture by Wilkie, full of life and humour, and exquisitely engraved by Finden; and the Young Navigators, from Mulready; will especially be the favourites of the print shops. Of the literary attractions of the volume, the principal are, three tales by Mrs. S. C. Hall; a very good moral tale from the pen of our old friend Mrs. Opie; a biographical narrative by Mrs. Howitt; Soldier's Wives, By the Rev. C. B. Tayler; On Sneezing, by Dr. Robert Walsh; and Notices of the North American Indians, by his brother, the late Dr. Edward Walsh. We find nothing that we can so conveniently extract, and nothing more deserving of being extracted, than part of a Poem by the Editor, entitled, 'The Emigrant.'

'What is it lights the dark and sunken eye,
And calls a red flush to the pallid cheek?
Mark the unclosing lips, the deep-drawn sigh,
One foot advanced, the hands outstretched,—they speak!—
Ten seconds pass, and lo! the gladdened crew
Send up a cheerful sound to heaven—"Land!—Land!"—
Like blessed angels o'er the waters blue,
The cliffs of old and happy England stand!

'On, on they sail; and now there come in sight
Small cottages among the autumn trees,
Looking so happy in the morning light,
Their smoke up-curling to the fresh sea-breeze;—
They might have almost heard the reaper's tone
Of joy, as merrily he paced along;
Yet there the Exile stood, alone—alone—
And once again he breathed his thoughts in song.

'Oh, England!—oh, my English home!
I see thee through the white sea-foam,
And feel my strength awhile return,
My heart-pulse beat, my temples burn
With joy,—although I come to lay
My bones beside my fathers' clay,
And sleep the long unbroken sleep
From which we never wake to weep.
Land of pure women and brave men!
Proud mistress of the earth and sea!—
I hail thy blessed shores again,
Home of the great, the good, the free!

‘ Where feudal rights are history’s themes,
And thralldom-woes forgotten dreams ;—
Where man may sleep beneath the shade
Of equal laws himself has made—
May look within himself and find
The dignity of human kind,
And proudly walk his chosen path,
Lord of himself and all he hath ;
Free as the winds, none dare upbraid,
Safe as the stars that o’er him shine,
He sits, “ none making him afraid,
Beneath his fig-tree and his vine.”

‘ Where Knowledge—boundless as the wind,
As pure, as free, as unconfined—
Asks entrance at the meanest door ;
Where Plenty clothes and feeds the poor ;
Where banned by law is no man’s creed—
For heavenward many pathways lead ;
Where all, by six days’ toil oppressed,
Upon the seventh day find rest ;
Where sober judgement daily grows
With gradual, yet with sure increase ;
Where Reason lifts the veil, and shows
Religion hand in hand with Peace.

‘ Where labour knows reward is sure,
And thought and care make coin secure ;
Where water springs to gladden land,
And breezes wave the cheering hand ;
Where gentle sun and genial shower,
Alternate, call forth fruit and flower—
The golden ore his garden yields—
Blessing his green and yellow fields,
That hostile footsteps never fear,
Save of small birds that flit among
The corn, when harvest-time is near,
And pay their quit-rent with a song.

‘ Where honest Trade, in all her streets,
Fears not a single face he meets,
But fairly barter, freely tells
To all, of all he buys or sells ;
Where, at the loom, the artizan,
Feels that his skill is worthy man ;
And craftsmen call from gloomy stones
The metal Science proudly owns ;
Where Commerce, with a thousand sails,
Fills all her ports with wealth and fame,
And every stranger-merchant hails
The British merchant’s spotless name.

‘The sun that saw the Exile tread again
 His native land, sent down at eve a light
 To cheer his bed of death, but not of pain—
 The Exile was at home, asleep, ere night.
 And gentle tones of blessing he had heard—
 Ere life went forth from worn and wearied clay—
 Telling of FAITH—that long-forgotten word—
 Teaching his heart and lips once more to pray!

‘Oh! ye who dream of fruitful hills and vales
 Where fabled milk and fabled honey flow,
 And hear the wicked or the idle tales
 Of men who lead the way to misery—know
 The meaning of the humble song I sing—
 The moral of my mournful tale: ‘Tis said
 In the prophetic words of Israel’s king,—
 DWELL IN THE LAND, AND THERE THOU SHALT BE FED!’
 pp. 57—60.

Ackermann’s *Forget-me-not*, the patriarch of the *Annuals*, has this moment reached us. From the hasty glance we have taken at its contents, it appears to be inferior to none in the piquant variety of the literary contributions, and the well selected and interesting subjects of the embellishments. Among the latter, the frontispiece, *Count Egmont’s Jewels*, from a sketch, rich in humour, by Leslie; *Night*, from a lovely design by Richter; *Nuremberg*, from Prout, beautifully engraved by Carter,—an architectural gem; a landscape from Barrett; and Chisholme’s *China-Mender*, are all excellent. There is also a pleasing landscape, ‘*The Departure of the Israelites*’, from Martin. The names of the contributors and contributions present a singularly mixed and contrasted groupe. We have James Montgomery and Thomas Hood, Miss Landon and Miss Mitford, Miss Lawrance and Mrs. Howitt, William Sotheby and Haynes Bayly; then, again, ‘the Murdered Tinman’ and the *Departure of the Israelites*; *Uncle Antony’s Blunder*, and the *Search after God*; a Scene from the *Odyssey*, and *Old Matthew the Matseller*. In the ‘*Tradition from the Coptic*,’ we detect the Author of *Salathiel*, in spite of his mask. As usual, the prose of the *Forget-me-not* is superior to the verse; and we can find nothing that seems to suit our purpose and limits better than the following new version of an old story by Mrs. Howitt.

THE GOODWIVES OF WEINSBERG.

FROM THE GERMAN OF BURGER.

- ‘ Who can tell me where Weinsberg lies ?
As brave a town as any ;
It must have cradled good and wise,
Both wives and maidens many.
Should I e’er wooing have to do,
I’ faith, in Weinsberg will I woo !
- ‘ The Emperor Conrad, on a time,
In wrath the town was battering ;
And near it lay his warriors prime,
And sturdy horsemen clattering ;
And, with fierce firing, rode and ran
All round about it horse and man.
- ‘ As him the little town withstood,
Though every thing it wanted,
So did he swear in vengeful mood
No mercy should be granted :
And thus his heralds spoke — “ This know,
I ’ll hang you, rascals, in a row !”
- ‘ When in the town was heard this threat,
It caused a great dejection,
And every neighbour neighbour met
With mournful interjection :
Though bread was very dear in price,
Yet dearer still was good advice.
- ‘ “ Ah woe for me most wretched man !
Great woe the siege has won us !”
They cried, and every priest began
“ The Lord have mercy on us ;”
“ Oh, woe ! woe ! woe !” on all sides clanged ;
“ We feel e’en now as good as hanged !”
- ‘ When in despair wise men will sit,
In spite of council-masters,
How oft has saved them woman’s wit
From manifold disasters !
Since woman’s wit, as all men know,
Is subtler than aught else below.
- ‘ There was a wife to her good man
But yesterday united ;
And she a wise scheme hit upon
Which the whole town delighted,
And made them all so full of glee,
They laughed and chattered famously.

‘ Then at the hour of midnight damp,
 Of wives a deputation
 Went out to the besiegers’ camp,
 Praying for capitulation :
 So soft they prayed, so sweet they prayed !
 And for these terms their prayer was made :

“ That all the wives might be allowed
 Their jewels forth to carry ;
 What else remained the warriors proud
 Might rive, and hang, and harry !”
 To this the Emperor swore consent,
 And back the deputation went.

‘ Thereon, as soon as morn was spied,
 What happened ? Give good hearing !
 The nearest gate was opened wide,
 And out each wife came, bearing—
 True as I live !—all pick-a-pack,
 Her worthy husband in a sack !

‘ Then many a courtier, in great wrath
 The goodwives would have routed,
 But Conrad spake, “ My kingly faith
 May not be false or doubted !—
 Ha ! bravo !” cried he, as they came ;
 “ Think you our wives would do the same ?”

‘ Then gave he pardon and a feast,
 Those gentle ones to pleasure ;
 And music all their joy increased,
 And dancing without measure ;
 As did the mayoress waltzing twirl,
 So did the besom-binding girl.

‘ Ay, tell me now where Weinsberg lies,
 As brave a town as any,
 And cradled has it good and wise,
 Both wives and maidens many :
 If wooing e’er I have to do,
 ‘Faith ! one of Weinsberg will I woo !’

‘ An Every-day tale ’ (but not an every day poem) by our friend Montgomery, is too long for insertion, but we must make room for a fragment.

‘ Mine is a tale of every day,
 Yet turn not thou thine ear away ;
 For ’tis the bitterest thought of all,
 The wormwood added to the gall,

That such a wreck of mortal bliss,
That such a weight of woe as this,
Is no strange thing ; but, strange to say,
The tale, the truth, of every day.

‘ At Mary’s birth, her mother smiled
Upon her first, last, only child ;
And, at the sight of that young flower,
Forgot the anguish of her hour :
Her pains return’d : she soon forgot
Love, hope, joy, sorrow—she was not !

‘ Her partner stood, like one bereft
Of all—not all—their babe was left.
By the dead mother’s side it slept,
Slept sweetly : when it woke, it wept.
“ Live, Mary, live ! and I will be
Father and mother both to thee ! ”
The mourner cried, and, while he spake,
His breaking heart forbore to break.
Faith, courage, patience from above,
Flew to the help of fainting love.
While o’er his charge that parent yearn’d,
All woman’s tenderness he learn’d,
All woman’s waking, sleeping care,
That sleeps not to her babe ; her prayer,
Of power to bring upon its head
The richest blessings Heaven can shed :
All these he learn’d and lived to say,
“ My strength was given me as my day.”

‘ So the Red Indian of those woods
That echo to Lake Erie’s floods
Reft of his consort in the wild,
Became the *mother* of his child ;
Nature (herself a mother) saw
His grief, and loos’d her kindest law ;
Warm from its fount, life’s stream propell’d,
His breasts with sweet nutrition swell’d ;
At whose strange springs his infant drew
Milk—as the rose-bud drinks the dew.’

ART. VIII. LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Mr. George Rogerson, of Liverpool, has nearly ready for publication a Treatise on Inflammations, containing their Pathology, Causes, Consequences, and Treatment, with their effects on the various Textures of the Body: being an extension of "A Dissertation on Inflammation of the Membranes", to which the Jacksonian prize for 1828 was awarded by the London Royal College of Surgeons.

On the 1st of January, the first monthly volume of a cheap series of Original Novels and Romances, by the most popular authors of Europe and America, conducted by Leitch Ritchie and Thomas Roscoe; comprising "Schinderhannes, the Robber of the Rhine," by Leitch Ritchie, Author of the "Romance of French History", "Heath's Picturesque Annual", "Turner's (J. M. W.) Annual Tour", &c. &c. is forthcoming. Banim, Fraser, (Kussilbash,) Victor Hugo, Galt, and other writers of the first eminence will immediately follow.

The Juvenile Forget-me-not, edited by Mrs. S. C. Hall, will be this year published under the joint auspices of Mr. Ackermann and Messrs. Westley and Davies. It will contain several fine engravings on steel, and the literary contents will be, as usual, from the pens of the most eminent writers for the young.

The Buccaneer, a tale in three volumes, by Mrs. S. C. Hall, is announced for publication on the 1st of November.

Mr. Stephen, the Author of "The History of the Reformation," has just completed his new work, entitled The Book of the Constitution, with the Reform Bills abridged,—embracing, amongst a variety of interesting information, our Magna Charta, Bill of Rights, Civil and Military States, The Revenue, National Debt, Courts, Feudal System, Poor Laws, Tithes, &c. &c.

A Description of the Canonry, Cathedral and King's College of Old Aberdeen, in the years 1724-5, illustrated with Plates, is nearly ready, in demy 12mo.

The Third Part of the Byron Gallery will appear in a few days with many beautiful Engravings by Wm. Finden, Bacon, Goodyear, &c., after original designs by Howard, E. C. Wood, Richter, and Corbould. These, we understand, will even surpass the former numbers of this splendid publication.

In the Press, and shortly will be published, "Scriptural Researches" by the Right Hon. Sir George Henry Rose, Bart. M.P.

In the Press, the first vol. of the Works of the Author of "Corn Law Rhymes", embellished with a Likeness of the Author, and containing, "The Splendid Village; The Exile; Bothwell; Corn Law Rhymes," &c. It will be uniform, in size and price, with the new edition of Byron and Scott.

Mr. Curtis, Aurist to His Majesty, has, in the Press, besides a second edition of his Essay on the Deaf and Dumb, a Treatise on the Diseases of the Eye, with a New Method of curing Incipient Blindness by external applications and constitutional treatment, whereby the pain and uncertainty of operations may be avoided.

Hints on Picturesque Domestic Architecture, in a Series of Designs for Gate-Lodges, Game-Keepers' Cottages, and other Rural Residences. By T. F. Hunt, Architect. 4to. New edit. with Additions, and a new set of Plates.

A new edition of the History of Dissenters, by Drs. David Bogue and James Bennett, in two large volumes, 8vo., carefully revised and condensed by the surviving Author, will appear on the 1st of December.

The Rev. Ingram Cobbin is preparing for publication the Annual Historian for 1833, designed as a Class Book for Schools and Families.

A Periodical Publication, of no ordinary promise and interest, supported by the most distinguished literary men of the day, is about to appear in Edinburgh, from the press, and under the management of Mr. Aitken, well known as late Editor of "Constable's Miscellany", the "Cabinet", &c. &c.

Evangelical Synopsis.—Now publishing in Weekly Numbers and Monthly Parts, in a cheap and popular form, illustrated with copper-plate Engravings, from designs after the Old Masters, beautifully printed upon small 4to., the whole to be comprised in three volumes, The Holy Bible, with Notes, explanatory and practical; intended to assist the understanding in the perusal of the Sacred Volume, and to furnish a body of evangelical truth founded on its contents, selected from the writings of esteemed Divines and biblical critics of various denominations.

A very excellent work is now at press, entitled The Scripture Manual; or, a Guide to the proper Study and Elucidation of the Holy Scriptures, by a new and corrected arrangement of all those corresponding passages, dispersed throughout the Bible, which relate to the most important subjects, classed under appropriate heads, and in alphabetical order. Designed to set forth, in the pure language of Scripture, the Rule of Faith and Practice, and to afford assistance to Family and Private devotion.

ART. IX. WORKS RECENTLY PUBLISHED.

EDUCATION.

Elements of Geography. By Ingram Cobbin, M.A. Third Edition, revised to the present time. Half-bound, 2s. 6d.

Also, by the same Author, Elementary Steps to Astronomy and Geography. 1s. 6d.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Richard Baynes's Catalogue of an extensive Collection of Books; containing nearly 6000 articles in Theology and general Literature. 8vo. 2s. 6d.

NATURAL HISTORY.

The Vegetable World. By the Rev. Charles Williams, Author of "Art in Nature," &c. 18mo. 4s. 6d. cloth.

POLITICAL.

Sequel to Remarks upon Church Reform, with Observations upon the Plan proposed by Lord Henley. By the Rev. Edward Burton, D.D., Regius Professor of Divinity in the University of Oxford, Canon of Christchurch, and Rector of Ewelme. 8vo. 2s.

THEOLOGY.

Lectures on the Revival of Religion. By William Sprague, D.D. With an Introductory Essay, by the Rev. G. Redford, Worcester; and the Rev. J. A. James, Birmingham. The Essay is divided into two Parts. Part I. An Address to the Ministers of the Gospel in Britain, by Mr. Redford; and Part II. An Address to the

Members of Christian Churches in Britain, by Mr. James. 12mo. 5s. 6d.

Natural Religion insufficient, and Revealed Religion necessary to Man's Happiness in a Present and Future State. By the Rev. Thomas Halyburton. With an Introductory Essay, by the Rev. David Young, Perth. 12mo. 5s. 6d.

On the Harmony which exists between the Gospel and Temperance Societies. By William Collins. 12mo. Price One Penny.

A Portraiture of Modern Scepticism; or a Caveat against Infidelity: including a brief and practical View of the principal Evidences which shew the Scriptures to be a Revelation from God. Intended as a present to the young. By John Morison, D.D. 12mo. 3s. 6d.

Winter Lectures. By the Rev. John Ely. 8vo.

The Works of John Howe, complete in one volume, super-royal 8vo, with a highly finished engraving of the Author. 2l. 2s.

The Mourning Congregation reminded of the Work of their deceased Minister. A Funeral Sermon for the Rev. Joseph Kinghorn. Preached at Norwich, Sept. 9, 1832. By John Alexander. 8vo. 1s.

* * This discourse comprises a brief and interesting biographical notice of the venerable minister.

TOPOGRAPHY.

Gorton's New Topographical Dictionary of Great Britain and Ireland, with 54 Maps, 3l. 12s.; or with the Maps coloured, 4l. 14s. 6d.